



Licensed Febr. 13.

Roger L'estrange.

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Jackson Dec. 10. 1753.  
WP-a-





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# POEMS

{ Lyrique  
{ Macaronique  
{ Heroique, &c.

By HENRY BOLD  
Olim è N. C. Oxon.

H O R. 2. l. 2. Ep. II.

*Singula de Nobis, Anni predantur euntes,  
Eripuere Jocos, Venerem, Convivia, Ludum:  
Tendunt extorquere Poëmata: Quid faciam vis?*

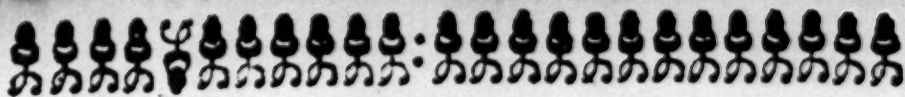


L O N D O N,

Printed for Henry Brome, at the Gun in  
Ivy-lane, 1664.

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R



To the Honourable

Colonel *Henry Wallop*

O F

*Farley-wallop* in the County of  
*Southampton.*

S I R,

**T** Hough I may appear  
too like one of  
Those, Who (be-  
lying their own Inclinations,  
and Friends importunities)  
are Livery'd abroad in  
Black and White (and  
not their proper Colours)  
Yet S<sup>r</sup> give me leave to tell

A 3

You

You, That mine only inducement and design herein) was and is, to let the World know, There is no One does more Glory in his Title of Devout Honourer of your Excellencies, than

SIR,

Your far ever humble Servant,

H.B.

To



To the I N G E N I O U S —

**I**F thou wilt read so ; if not so : it is  
so, so, and so Farewel.

Thine upon liking

H. B.

To mine Ingenious F R I E N D  
Mr. Henry Bold, &c.

**M***Y* drooping Muse awak'n'd by your Pen  
And noble Fancy,'s raised to life agen.  
And thus regenerate, presents as Due,  
The First-fruits, of her second Birth to You.  
The Graces usher, Fair Example, brings  
Virtue With Courage, and all Noble Things  
A generous Mind can wish if I improve,  
It is by imitating You, I love.  
Your serious Muse and your Jocuse combine  
To complement each other in each line  
Audacem Deus ipse juvat's very well,  
Made true in Thee, where all the Muses dwell.

Henry Sanderson Esq;

A 4

To

TO my dear BROTHER  
Mr. H. B. on his Poems.

Harry,

**S**ince Souldier, call'd thy Brother, Captain  
My Fancy has not so much Air been wrapt in:  
As when the amorous couch and lovick't Bolster  
Have made me 'mong the Muses keep an old stir;  
Since Bilbo-Blade hath put fist out of order  
I nere approach'd Parnassus, (scarce the Border)  
So then thou must not look that I should praise  
In that Emphatick strein we now-adays see (thee  
Yet I have read thy Lines, can judg and know 'em  
That few or none) have writ so quaint a Poem.  
And he that has Design the like to write now,  
Listen to mine Advice, I'll set him right how:  
Let him be so much Merchant (cause I doubt it)  
T'ensure his Paper 'ere he go about it.  
And if the Cargo of his Wit be lost  
Hee'l ha't again, (the Liguour's in the Toast)  
Thou therefore mayst be sure none can abuse  
The generous fancy of thy frolique Muse;  
For he that writes to imitate thy Vein  
May write, and keep the paper for his Pain.

As He that thought to Write like Princely Spen-  
Prov'd in his Faculty, a very Fencer: (cer,  
No more to be compar'd then Trigg to Frazier  
Or Turvy-Tinker to an Acon-Brazier.

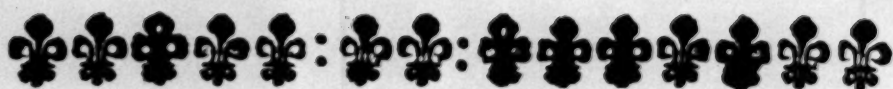
In their own sphere, thou writ'st to King and  
(Court too:

The next Page makes the Amorous Ladies sport  
If souldier throw off sword and fall to drink, (too.  
Here's that will match his Humour too, I think.  
The Willow'd Lover apt to howl and whimper  
At reading thee begins to smile and simper.  
And every Humour's fancy'd so compleatly  
I cannot say 'tis boldly done but neatly.

William Bold Esq;

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To



To my dear Brother Mr. H. B.

**R**Eading thine unstrained Verse, oh how it  
(rue'th,  
That I ne followed Crambo from my youth!  
And that I ne're conso'ted much with Those  
Who use what ever's spoke, to clink itb' Close:  
Had I done so, by this, I'de had the honour Sir,  
T' have Rhym'd like him that nickt Nebu-  
(chadonosor  
And then I wiss, I had not thus been puzzeld  
To make Verse chyme, as if Dame Muse were  
(muzzeld;  
Didst see me tooth and nail (Hall) foot and leg,  
Thou'dst swear my Worship were at mumble peg,  
It comes so hard—Why sure'twill vex ones Giz-  
(zard  
To hunt for Rhyme like me, from A to iz-  
(zard,  
When started too, and I think brought about,  
Tis ten to One there wants a foot —  
And then to inch it out, and make it go,  
I'me fain to say (Pox ont!) Dear Hall) or so.  
Sometime my Brain's asleep, and words wo'nt  
(troul  
Longer (forsooth) then I do claw my Poul:  
And



And prethee (Hal!) what Muse can set a stitch,  
When I am forc'd to scratch where't does not itch?

Yet since rich Masques their Whiffles have  
(who come

Not to set off the Shew, but make it Room:

So since th' attir'st thy self, and put'st on Sandal  
To walk abroad ith' World, Ile hold the Candle,  
And like a Whiffler too, if any come,

And ask what are thy Vertues, answer-Mum ;  
As being conscious I should do thee wrong  
More by my Talk than holding of my Tongue.

Yet if to Court or Droll in Tune and Mode  
The Gallant, would be (fain) put in a rode,  
Let him bestow (let's see) for the device on't  
Look! I was going to tell him what's the Price  
(on't ;

But He (in time) as well as Setter forth,  
Will find thy Book can ne're be sold to th' worth.

Norton Bold C.C.C. Oxon.S.

To



## Upon the Authour and his Poems.

**N**Ot that I do, (as *Vulgar* *Scriblers* can)  
Dictate a squint, or to set forth the *Man*  
To th' best, (as *Common* *Painters* use to do, )  
Strive to make handsome, though they do not true,  
No ; *General* *Applause* doth plainly shew it,  
No *Age*, e're glory'd in so quaint a *Poet* :  
For whom, the *Muses*, and the *Graces* strove,  
Which should deserve him best, to be their *Love* :  
At length they drew the match, (yet left it fair :)  
And each compounded in him, for a share :  
So that He's wholly theirs ; (and let him be !)  
Nor do I envy them their *Destiny* ;  
But, this I'll tell the *World*, their choice is such ;  
All, may admire, but cannot praise too much.

Here, *Jupiter* his *Mistresses* may kiss,  
And win without a *Metamorphosis*.

*Cupid*, the sole *Commander* of our *Hearts*,  
Complies with thee, to make his golden *Darts* :  
But let him try his skill, how'ere it prove,  
That he wounds *Hearts*, 'tis thou must make  
(them love.

J. Moyle of the Inner Temple Esq;

To



To his ingenious FRIEND  
Mr. Henry Bold on his Poems.

**M***Y* praise is insignificant, for I  
Am not grown old enough in poetry ;  
Nor is my name yet up enough t' engage  
Th' opinion of this supercilious age.

But if I say, I like what you have writ,  
Some other, that believes himself a Wit,  
May differ from me in Opinion. So  
To find the truth, we must to poling go.

Now in this envy'ous and ill-natur'd time,  
Verse is a scandal, and to print a crime.  
In this half-witted and ungrateful Town  
The most (that is the worst) will cry thee down  
For those three hainous crimes, Truth, Wit, and  
Verse ;

And swear it is thy Vice to meddle with theirs.

So I'll suspend Encomiums, and transmit  
Those to thy book, which praises thee and it :  
For Poets to praise Poets is as bad,  
As if one mad-man said anothe'r's mad,

And (to say truth) men did the Muse suborn,  
To claw a friend, or else to serve a turn ;

Good

Good Verse and bad were prais'd with equal wit  
Just as the praiser on the humour hit.  
Encomiums like ~~sermons~~ Sermons grew, faruall  
All car'd how well to speak, but none how true.  
The Knave and Dunce with both of us did speed  
As th' Poets humor'd, or the Levite fee'd.  
This made wise Readers all our votes despise,  
And their contempt made future writers Wise.  
To praise friends Wits is out of fashion grown,  
We only now break jests to shew our own.

ALEX. BROME.

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To





To the ingenious Mr. *Henry Bold*  
on his publishing his Poems.

**T**H E Press (of late) became as common  
As Barbers-Chair or naughty Woman,  
When all fanaticque Humours were,  
Frequently broach'd, as Ale or Beer :  
But safe in neither, such a Crowd  
Of Ale and History being allow'd ;  
A Fresh-man or an elder Brother  
Was poyson'd straight by one or t'other.  
Had these been extant then, th'ad thought  
Thy Nectar of the common Draught,  
Like those who little skill'd in Wine,  
Applaud a Tavern for the Sign.  
And hang their gross Opinions there  
That Sack with Lime to them is rare :  
Just as the Drunken Common Sewer  
Does with an even throat devour  
All that's sent to it, so did They  
Erst swallow Books, a greedy way !  
But 'twas as Mariott when he feasted,  
Neither half chew'd nor half-digested.

Kind

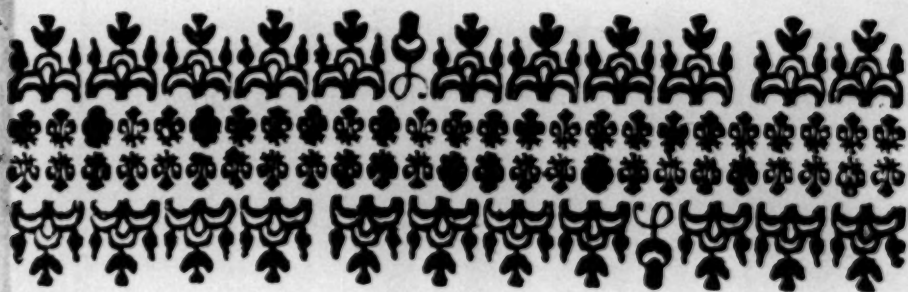
Kind Providence which thought that Fate  
Unfit for thee, ordain'd thy date  
From this blest Age grown now so clear.  
That 'stead of Glow-worms Stars appear,  
And glorious too, but when all's done,  
'Tis thou that art Apollo's Son.  
But 'cause I Love, I write, and not to praise,  
He must deserve, is fit to give thee Bayes.

V. Oldis.

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To

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# POEMS.

## SONG I.

I.



Hou *Glorious Envy*, of the Nation,  
 Whose renowned *Graces*,  
 Far transcend the *Fancies*,  
 Of a *Lovers Brain*.  
 Whose blooming *Cheeks* out-vy *Carnation*,  
 While thy *Look* surpasses,  
 Those resplendent *Glances*,  
 As *High-noon* do raigne.  
 Thy *Curious Locks*, so nicely curl'd;  
 Their *Every Hair*,  
 Our Souls ensnare.

B

And

And by a sweet *Surprisal*,  
     Captive all the *World*.  
 The Melting *Corals* of thy *Lips*,  
     Distill such Balme,  
     That in the quame.  
 Of a Heart breaking *Mistriss*,  
     He revives that Sippis.

2.

Thy Graceful *Motion*, and *Behaviour*,  
     Might excuse a *Beauty*,  
     Less in debt to *Nature*,  
     Then thy fayrer *Face*.  
 Where Lovely *Ayres*, and Comely *Favours* A  
     Do Conjure a *Duty*,  
     To Adore your *Feature*,  
     Dwells upon your *Place*.  
 The flowry sweets thy *Breasts* do wear,  
     Shall ne're consume,  
     Their rich *perfume*.  
 But make a lasting *Summer*,  
     Flourish all your *Year*.  
 Between, whose *Hills* the Boy doth lye,  
     And exercise,  
     His *Tyrannies*.  
 Yet joyes us, that he doth his  
     Murthers *handsomely*.

He's



3.

He's blest who climbs that swelling Moun-  
In whose gloomy Valley, (tain,  
Sits the Queen of Pleasure,  
In her Royal Fort!

Bath'd, in the streams oth' Odorous Foun-  
Whence full joyes do fall, (tain,  
In o're flowing Measure,  
For the Amorous Sport.

Where circling in a Genial Kiss,  
I would controule,  
Disputes o'th' School:

And thence maintain a real,  
Metempsychosis:

But nought can her Affection move,  
Though Jove to boot,  
Should Court her to't,  
Florilla wanteth nothing,  
To be Love but Love.

S O N G II.

I.

L Ove, let me have my Mistress such,  
(If I must needs have One, )  
Whose Mettall will endure the Touch,  
Whose Touch will try the Stone!

B 2

Let

Let her have *sense* I aske no more,  
A *Womans Reason* I abhorre !

2.

Her noon like *Eyes* should shine so *Clear*,  
And be so fixt on *Mine*,  
The *Salamander Babies* there,  
Should *Kindle* and *Entwine*,  
Then *Look* me *Dead*, that *Men* may swea  
There is no *Basilick* but *Her*,

3.

If th' upper *Manna-Lips* distill,  
The *Sweets* of *Every food*,  
To *Sauce* the *Appetite* (not fill)  
The *Lover Limbeck's* good :  
To relish which, let *Love* invent,  
A way to *Crane* his *Instrument*.

4.

The *Thrilloes* of her *Siren Noice*,  
Should *Charme* an *Adders Eare* ;  
And were she *Echo'd* all to *Voice*,  
I'de be in *Love* with *Her* :  
To be *Chameleon'd* who would care,  
So he might *juncate* on such *Ayre*.

5.

I'de have her *Panther* in her *Breath*;  
And *Phoenix* in her *Breast*,

The *Vallies* that are *Underneath*,  
The *Spicery* of the *East* :

I'de have Her without *much a do*,  
But Loe! I'de have her *Naked* too :  
In spight of *Fates*; thus would I lye  
*Mandrackt* to all *Eternity*.

## S O N G I I I.

1.

**M**ine own *Rasina* come a long,  
The *Subject* of my *Song*.

For *thee* I long :

And know my *Pretty sweetness* : know  
Since thou lov'st me,

I welcome *nothing* in the *World* but *Thee*.

2.

Unveyle those *Damask Cheeks* of *Thine*,  
Where every graceful *Line*,

Is so *Divine*,

re, That were, I to receive my *Death*,

By thy *Fair Eye*,

I'de Court it, bury'd in your *Pits* to lye.

3.

Yet cloud thy *Face*, thy *Veile* keep on !

T If all should gaze thereon,

B 3

They

They were undone :  
 For it may chance thy random *Darts*  
     Will kill *them* too.  
 Whom I'de not *Wish* so Good a *Death* unto.

4.  
 Display thine *Armes* : thy *Wealth*, unfold !  
 While like to *Jove* of old,  
     In *Liquid* Gold.  
 I do Carouse it in *Lov's* *Bowle*  
     To such a *Bliss*,  
 Our *Souls* shall *mingle* while our bodys *Kiss*.

5.  
 Thus will we *Live*, thus will we *Love*,  
 Till even the *gods* above,  
     Shall *Envions* prove :  
 And after *Death* we'l *Joy* as *They*  
     Till that appear,  
 We'l have *Elizium* here, as they have there.

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## S O N G   I V.

1.  
 • **C** *Horis* forbear a *While*,  
     Do not o're joy me,  
 Urge not another *Smile*  
     Lest it *Destroy* me.

That



That *Beauty* pleases most,  
And is *Best* taking  
Which soon is *Woon*, soon lost  
Kind, yet forsaking.

I Love a *Coming Lady* faith! I do!  
But now and then, I'de have her scornful too.

2.

Ore cloud those Eyes of thine,  
Bo-peepe thy Features  
Warmed with an *April* shine,  
Scorch not thy Creatures:  
Still to display thy Ware  
Still to be fooling,  
Argues how rude you are  
In *Cupides* Schooling

Disdain begets a Suit, Scorn draws us nigh,  
'Tis cause I would, and cannot, makes me try.

3.

Fayrest, I'de have thee: *Wise*,  
When Gallants view thee.  
And Court, do thou despise;  
Flye, they'l persue thee,  
Fasts move an *Appetite*,  
Make Hunger greater  
Who's stinted of Delight,  
Fall's to't the better.

Be Kind and Coy by turns, be calme & rough!  
And buckle now and then, and that's enough.

## S O N G V.

I.

I'll *Swear* they *Lye*, who say they *Love*,  
*One onely* Beauteous *Face*,  
 He's *Mad* (or *Honest*) does not prove  
 A *Score* in three days *space*.  
 I'm *a la mode* My self; pretend that I  
 Am *here* all-over *Love* and *there* could *Dye*.  
 When *Faith*! there's no such matter *seri-*  
(ously!

2.

Most earnest *Love* is but in *jest*,  
 I *Ladys* are *cheated* all:  
 I've now a hundred *Girles*, at least,  
 That do me *Servant* call:  
 I've *Courted* them *alibe*, have *vow'd* & *sworn*  
 My flames of *Love* a like, for *All* did burn:  
 When 'tis for *Her*, who *best* will serve my  
(Turn.

3.

And yet, I think my *Love's* as *True*,  
 As *Constant* every way,  
 As their's, who colour for't in *Blew*,  
 And *Cupid's* prizes play. (Do  
 Shew me the *Lad*, who *best* *Loves* *Feat* can  
 I'll *Do* as much as *He* (perhaps *More* too)  
 Yet ne're could *Love*, above an *hour*, or so.

## S O N G VI.

1.

**VV**hat though thy *Feature*,  
 Fairest Creature,  
 Passeth curious *fancy* far.  
 And colour'd *Roses*,  
 (Cupids *Posees*,)  
 Do denounce a second *Warre*.  
 Though ne'er so rare,  
 Thy Beauties are,  
 They shall not mine *Affection* win,  
 Let her I woe,  
 Be willing too,  
 And Love me, I'll Love Her again !

2.

Black Eyes are loathing,  
 Red Lips nothing,  
 Nor can busie *Toying* Doe't ;  
 Or fill the *Measure*,  
 Of Love's *Pleasure*  
 Lest she give her *mind* unto't.  
 Let Her I Court,  
 Be mad oth' sport,  
 And Love, and wanton *freedome* show,  
 I hate a *Maid* ;  
 That seems *affraid*,  
 And cares not where she Does or No.

S O N G VII.

## S O N G V I I.

I.

**F**Aith do but say the *Word* and I am gone,  
 I can assoon forego,  
 Mine *easy* suit,  
 As thou wouldest have it so !  
 'Tis but a vain *persuite*,  
 And little fruit :

In Lovers *Games*, when if the *best* be *Wonne*,  
 We come but *Loosers* off, when *all* is *done*.

2.

Pox on's ! I've *Lov'd* thee, now, this *hour*  
 And shall I *nothing* get : (or *two*.  
 Still *fast* and *Pray*,  
 Then *would* ~~w~~ *had* never met !  
 Ne're blush ! but come away !  
 Love, *Love's* no stay :  
 I *Love*, 'tis *true* ; but let me tell thee *too*  
 I do not *Love* to *make* so *much* a *do*.

## S O N G V I I I.

I.

**M**Adam, Y'are not the *first* I've *Lov'd*  
 Nor shall you be the *last*,  
 Tis *ten* to *one*, but I have prov'd  
 As *fair* (perhaps as *chast*.) And



2.

And yet, to tell the *pains* I've lost,  
 Their *humour* still was such,  
 'Tis true, a *little time* they'd cost;  
 But faith, it was not *much*!

3.

I ne're remember that I spent  
 Above a *month*, or so,  
 To *Win* a *Girl* with *Complement*,  
 And there's the *most* a do.

4.

No! I have got the *trick* on't now,  
 And troth! I dare a *verre*,  
 I could do her as *well* as you,  
 And you as *soon* as her.

5.

Then pry'thee! Love! be *coy* no more!  
 Smooth off, and be not *rough*,  
 Say but thou never *didest* before,  
 And then 'tis *well enough*.

6.

None e're shall know what *we* have done,  
 I'll pass my *promise* for't,  
 Only be *quick*, and let's be *gone*  
 And there's an *end* oth' *sport*.

SONG IX.

## S O N G IX.

1.

**T**He *Suns* of *Beauty* ne're had *shone*  
 But to give *light* to *more* than *one*:  
 Or if to *Love* me, were a *Sin*  
 I'me *Damn'd* to *Love* thee, thus again:  
 But *Love* and *thoughts*, are *free*.

Neither may they be *enclos'd*, or *confin'd*  
 To any special *object*, but unto the *Gene*-  
 So after single *dainties*, (rall *kind*:

If our *Appetite* be *good*, we may cal',  
 And, (so we do not *surfet*) fit and *tast* and

2.

(eat of all.

Since thy bright *eyes* have such an *art*  
 With every *glance* to *win* a *Heart*,  
 You *wrong* your *Beauties* & your *Love*s  
 If what you get you do not *prove*.  
 Your *winnings* thus are *losses*,

And your *Forces* but in *vain* you *employ*  
 If, when you *gain* a *conquest* you do not  
 (the same *enjoy*,

And no *Commander* ever,

When, the *Rebell* *foes* were *slaine*, or  
 (did *yeild*,  
 But, to reward the *Souldiers*, gave the *plun*-  
 (der of the *field*.

3. Love

3.

*Love is no Pidler at his Meat,*  
*The more he feasts, the more he'leat !*  
*Then spend not, all that Beauty's store,*  
*On one, might serve a thousand more :*  
*While thy Virgin springs are running,*  
*What matter, who comes there, or*  
(who first,
*With your cooling Waters, doth allay his*  
(eager thirst.
*Then Dearest, since thou Lov'st me,*  
*Let us reap the fruits of Love, and enjoy :*  
*'Tis treason to our Natures, for to Love,*  
(and to be Coy.

## S O N G X.

1.

*Since 'tis the pleasure, of thine Eyes,*  
*To Kill me, with Love's Tyannize,*  
*Faith use me kindly ! let me dye,*  
*The fairest death ! Thy smiling Eye*  
*Shall give the Wound, and all true Lovers*  
(shall
*Triumph at such a blessed Funeral.*

2. And

2.

And yet alas! who'd think that she,  
 Should sin so high, to *Murther* me!  
 But *Heaven* will quit her and disguise  
 The *Fact*, with name of *sacrifice*.  
 This onely of the *gods* I will implore,  
 That *dead*, I may but *Love* her, as *before*.

## S O N G X I.

1.

(move

**A**Nd pry'thee why (*Florella*) doest thou  
 My forward *Heart*, not to *proceed* in  
 Alas! it cannot be (Love?

My *Love* to thee

*Divine*st she,

Burnes with a *fire*

Cannot breath *high*.

Nor shall *expire*:

For should I once this *high blown flame* let fall,

My warned *Heart*,

Being taught the *Smart*

Would learn the *Art*

Never to love at all.

2. Perhaps



2.

Perhaps 'twas *pitty* mov'd thee to *Complain*,  
 And thou might think, so, to *redress* my pain,  
 But oh ! good faith not I !

I'll never try  
 That *Remedy* ;  
 But will *Endure*,  
 Love's *Calenture*,  
 And not thy *Cure* :

For know; my Love soars with so high a *wing*,  
 'Tis *pride* in me,  
 Rather to be  
 A *slave* to thee  
 Then be Another's *King*.

3.

(heat ?

Then chide not (dearest Fair) my passions  
 Souldiers in *Love*, must never make *retreat* :  
 What though the *fates* decree,  
 Thou must not be,  
 A *mate* for me :  
 And *Love* conspire,  
 To cheat *desire*,  
 With *Single* fire.

Yet let me *burn* and *dye* ; that I may see,  
 What *Joyes* they prove,  
 It'h' *Elyzian* Grove,  
 That *Over-love*.

And *dye* for *such*, as *thee*.

SONG XII.

## S O N G XII.

1.

Stay smal Sinner,  
 Cease thy suite!  
 If thy fair Words, cannot win her,  
 Thou wilt never bring her to't :  
 'Tis not all thy wiles can Doe't.  
 Lest of her own Accord she'l Loving be,  
 Faith! let her go! she's not a Wench for thee.

2.

E'ne let her go!  
 There are more,  
 That now, perhaps, would gladly doe :  
 Thou may'st chuse of half a score,  
 Whilst confin'd in midst of store :  
 'Tis meerly Dotage, and will Madness prove,  
 Pox! Where she cannot like, she will not love.

## S O N G XIII,

1.

Proud (*Venus* now at last) resigne,  
 Thy long usurped Place,  
 And seat *Florilla* on that shrine,  
 Who claimes the chiefer grace;

Whilst

Whilst quicken'd with the hallowed fire,  
 Of chaste desire,  
 All, toward thine Altar, move  
 And each man dies  
 A Sacrifice  
 To thee, the Queen of Love.

2.

Venus! alas poor silly Queen!  
 One god of love brought forth,  
 Which ne're could see, nor e're was seen,  
 Yet much extoll'd her Worth:  
 But thousand real Cupids lye,  
 In my Faire's Eye,  
 And ayme, at every Heart,  
 Whose Hairs do grow,  
 To string your Bow,  
 And every Beame's a Dart.

3.

Apelles (once) to pourtraict out  
 That Dame, did, for her sake,  
 Go ransack half the world throughout,  
 And plunder'd features take,  
 But my sweet love is more Divine,  
 Each graceful Line,  
 Her nobler Parts do bear,  
 And should you seek,  
 Upon her Cheek  
 There's ne're a Mole grows there.

C

Yes

4.

Yet (*Mother Venus*) with your Son,  
 If you can, *One thing* do,  
 You shall again ascend the *Throne*,  
 And I will homage you :  
 Go whip your Boy, and let him try  
 His *Archery*,  
 If my Dear, *wounded* prove,  
 You shall redeem  
 Yourself the *Queen*  
 And Him, the god of Love.

---

## S O N G   X I V .

I.

**I** Die *Sinner*,  
 Sigh no more!  
 And I'll inform thee,  
 Of an *Easier way* to win her,  
 Then thou try'dst before :  
*Sullen Beauty*  
 Must not move  
 Thee, in a whining  
 Overweening piece of *Duty*  
 To express thy Love :

But



But if,

E're thou mean, to have her,

At thy *fancies* suit,

Presume upon her *favour*,

*Kiss*, and put her to't,

And (trust me) that will *Doe't*.

Or else,

*Tope* a *Glass* of *Claret*,

Love, and hug thy friend,

For *Mistress*, care not for it!

Till thou see'st it mend,

(If never) there's an *End*.

## S O N G X V.

1.

**R** Are Creature ! Since thy *Graces* have,  
The power to *Kill*, and *Art* to *Save*,  
(Sweet !) let thy *Beauties* make my Heart  
A *Patient*, to your *Mystick Art* !

Thine *Instruments*, I will *Endure*.

Since, that, which makes the wound, can

2.

(Cure.

Come ! let thy *locks* (whose every *Hair*  
A willing *Lover* doth ensnare)

Fetter my *Soul*, in those soft *Chaines*,

Where *Beauty* link't with *Love*, remains !

C 2

And

And keep me *bound*, that I may be  
Thy *Prisoner*, yet at *Liberty*.

3.

Thy *sprightful Eyes* (whose every *Dart*)  
Hath force, to *Kill* (or *Save* a *Heart*)  
If they shoot *frowns* on *me* (my *fair*)  
I can but *languish* in despair,  
    *Second* them, with a *smile*, 'twill move  
A *faith* in *me*, 'twas but in *Love*.

4.

Or shouldst thou, suffer me to sip,  
The flowing *Nectar*, from thy *Lip*,  
Whose sovereign *drops*, deriv'd from thence  
(Can quicken, both the *Soul*, and *sense*)  
    That *bliss*, would soon, revive again,  
    *Him*, (whom before, thine *Eyes*, had slain

5.

Thy *Curious Breasts*, those pretty things  
Whiter, then *Down* of *Cupids wings* ;  
If through, thy *Winter Heart*, they be  
Frozen, to joy-*chains*, for *me*,  
    Let *Love*, but *Touch* them, you shall see,  
    Those *fetters* melt, while I am free.

6.

Or might I, lull'd by *love's* sweet charms  
Lodge, within thy folded *Armes*,  
Where I might find, and *tast*, and *prove*,  
The *joies*, the *sweets*, the *sports* of *Love* ;

Locke

# P O E M S.

21

Lockt, in those bands, I there should be  
Proud, of my sweet captivity.

7.

Then (*Dearest*) since 'tis *Cupids* will,  
That you should heal, with what you kill;  
Say! how canst thou cure, my smart,  
That hast robb'd me, of my heart!  
This is the best way, I can tel',  
Give thine in *Change*, and all is well.

## S O N G XVI.

1.

**B**E not Distrustful (*Precious love*)  
Of my true Zeal and Constancy!  
Nor think, another Saint, can move,  
My settled faith, from thine Idolatry!

2.

*Sovereign* of Souls! do not repay  
Protested Love, with Jealousie!  
To thee mine Oraisons I pay,  
And am become, Love's constant V. tary.

3.

While *Cupid* and his Priests attend,  
At this same holy Exercise,

C 3

And

And to your *Glorious* beauties send,  
My Heart, a *Flaming* sacrifice.

## S O N G XVII,

I.

I Had a *Love*, a month a go,  
I *Woo'd*, as I were *madd*,  
And, to say truth, as *handsome* too,  
As you would *wish*, t'have had:  
But how it comes about,  
I cannot tell,  
I've e'ne forgot the *face*,  
And *know* not well,  
Where was the *Place*,  
Her *Beauty*, or her *Grace*,  
Did ever dwell.

2.

And yet ; I've had a *scurvy* kind  
Of *fancy*, to this *Love*,  
Which some *Girles*, call, a constant *mind* *he*  
And say, I *faithful* prove :  
Sure I'm too *hot* to *hold*, ;  
Yet, when I *spye*,  
A *high* and *stately* *brow*,  
Whose *Majesty*,

Com



Commands us bow,  
 To *Homage*, Oh! *ev'n now*  
 (Me thinks) I'de *Dye*.

3.

But out upon't! I've found the *cause*,  
 And know the *reason*, why  
 I can't obey femal *Laws*,  
 Nor quit my *Liberty*:  
 Where *Honour* keeps the *Gate*,  
 And does deny  
 To such, as *me*, or *you*,  
 The *Courtesie*,  
 To come and go,  
 And t'other *Knickknack* too  
 Farewell! say I!

## SONG XVIII.

1.

Fair, give me *leave*, to *Love*,  
 Or *Love* to *Leave*,  
 And he *suit*, my gentle *hopes*, promote  
 Your *wilder scornes* deceive,  
 I swear, by those *bright Eyes*,  
 (Love's *Heavenly Mysteries*)  
 And by those *Downes* of *Snow*,  
 I'me still *Resolv'd* to *Love*.

C 4

What

What shall I do?

Shall not my *Prayers*, your *pitty* move  
To *Love* me too?

Or must thine *Eyes*,

Still *exercise*,

Their *Tyrannise*,

And I, (sad I) *neglected* go?

2.

They *must*, they *must*; I would

Not have her *Love*

Upon *such terms*, now, though she could

My high *Desires* approve,

'Tis more than *happiness*

To have the fair *success*

To *Love*, and only so.

I hate a *mutual heat*?

It spoiles the *sport*,

And so *disrellishes* the *feast*

We care not for't.

If my *desire*,

Can but *aspire*,

Her, to *Admire*,

I care not wher'e she'll *Love*, or not.

SONG XIX

## SONG XIX.

1.

WELL! go thy wayes!  
If e're, I Love agen,  
As I have Lov'd before,  
To Woe a Toke of Dayes,  
Yet ne're know what nor when,  
I'll give thee leave, to hate me then,  
And never Love no more.

2.

I could make shift,  
To sit, an hour, and sport;  
(But not t' encrease that score)  
Or sigh, at a dead list,  
But, if I longer Court  
Then, I shall see good reason, for't,  
Faith! never trust me more.  
Yet still be nice!  
Usurpe the power thou hast!  
Deny, as heretofore!  
Upho'd thy former price!  
Th' art Dear, because th' art chaste:  
For should'st thou now, prove, cheap at last,  
I'de never Love thee, more.

SONG XX.

## SONG XX,

1.

Come, come, away!  
No Delay

To our wished *delight*!

*Sweet* quickly hast, unto thy greedy Lover!

Throw, throw aside

What may *bide*,

The inquisitive *sight*!

I'll be the only *Veile* that shall thee Cover:

And We,

Will both *agree*,

And thou shalt see,

How we the *time abuse*,

To trifle it away, with *empty wishes*,

Fond *Dreams*,

Are *Childish dreams*,

Wherein the *creams*

Och' sport, we alwayes *loose*,

And do Neglect the *sweeter after blisses*.

2.

Come! do not *Frown*!

Lay thee down!

'Tis a *thing must be done*! (pretty?

Take off thy *hand-good faith*! tis wondrous

Oh!



Oh! what a coyle!

And a spoyle!

E're this Fort could be Wonne!

Nay, though thou cry, or bleed I dare not

And now,

(pitty:

I'll shew thee how

Thy Dad, did Do,

And score up, wealthy Sums

Of Kisses, on thy Lips, to heighten pleasure:

Again!

I can't refrain,

I fear no pain,

Oh! now, it comes, it comes!

'Tis all, thine own, thou shalt have standing

(measure.

## S O N G   X X I.

I.

VVhy (*Fair one*) dost thou ask of me,  
The Cause I burn in Love, for thee,

From fire (we know) the Flames arise,

So, if thine Eyes,

Can kindle, with your beam,

The flames posselt,

Within my Breast,

Sweet! ask not me but them,

2. Un-

2.

Unriddle all the *Mysteries*,  
 The secret *Arts* and *Trecheries*,  
 Which practised are, ith' *Paphian Cell*,  
 And when you tell  
 Me, what *your cause*, may be,  
 I then may show,  
 Some *reason* too,  
 Why'tis, I burn for thee.

3.

Unteach thy *Lips*, unlearn thine *Eyes*  
 Their fair *Deluding Sorceries*,  
 And if thy *Beauties*, this can do,  
 And blind, me too,  
 My living *flame* soon *dyes*,  
 If not, my *Fire*,  
 Can ne're *Expire*,  
 Whil'st *Nature* lends us *Eyes*.

## S O N G XXII.

On the first sight of the Lady M. W.  
 in St. Maries Church Oxon.

1.

P Ox take this *learning* ! burn these *books*  
 There's a Ladies *powerful looks*

Draw

Draw, my *Thoughts* to fix upon,  
Her *Divine* perfection :

Whose *bright Eyes* do guild the *day*  
Whilest *enlighten'd*, by your *Ray*  
Love can *flie* no other way.

2.

When from the *Temple's* sacred *shine*  
She did glance her *Eyes*, on *mine*,  
Cupid there, did light his *Dart*,  
To enflame my *Tender heart* :

Pulpit *Thunder* could not move,  
*Eyes*, or *thoughts*, resolved to prove,  
No *Religion* sweet, but *Love*.

3.

While my *senses* here do *farre*,  
*Love* contrives a double *warre*,  
Through mine *Eyes*, he throwes his *Dart*,  
Through mine *Ears*, assaults my *Heart*  
So this *Angel*, charm'd mine *Eare*,  
With her *Singing*, that I swear,  
Those above might rival her.

4.

But alas ! Those *Suns* are gone !  
And that *Heavenly musick* done !  
Yet return those *murthering Eyes*,  
To behold your *Sacrifice* !

Nor

Nor, think I, thou joy'st to see  
 Love-sick-Souls should die for thee:  
 But, to Sweeten death for me.

5.

Or if that Lady, in whose Breast,  
 My fled Heart, is lodg'd a Guest,  
 Will Exchange (but Oh! I fear  
 Her's, is stray'd, some other where)  
 I may Live; if not; I dye,  
 Martyr, to her Diety,  
 To encrease, her Victory.

6.

Her a brown Hair, a snare might prove,  
 To entangle captive Jove:  
 In the Circles of her Eye,  
 Cupids fether'd Rebels lye:  
 Would'st thou know, who this might be  
 That hath stolne, my Heart, from me?  
 These few marks will say, tis she.

---

## S O N G   X X I I I.

1.

F Aich! tell me, Chloris pry'thee do!  
 (I'll do as much, for thee,)

Why?



Why ? when I *would*, thou, still, say'st No?  
 Thou wilt, and yet, thou wilt not too.  
 Thou Lov'st the sport, I'm sure, if thou'lt be  
 Forward, as I, th'art like t'have none, for me.

2.

Consider't (little Fool!) be wise!  
 I know the subtilty:  
 That which you, now so highly prize,  
 When, out oth' *humour*, I dispise.  
 'Tis meerly *dulness*? and vain foppery?  
 If, th'ast a *mind* co't speak or faith not I.

3.

And, why not, this, at first, as last?  
 I knew thy *mind* was to't:  
 No reason, still, to pray, and fast:  
 Pin'd Love, must feast, when that is past.  
 Come! Come! be wiser 'gainst anothers suit!  
 And ne're make many words! but pry'thee  
 (Doe't!

S O N G XXIV.

1.

(delight!

do! C Ome Kiss me (sweet) let's banquet on  
 Why? And teach Love, how to surfet! Kiss  
 (agen!  
 You

You must spend free, to sate his Appetite  
 Nay be no niggard! what is *nine* or *ten*?  
 Love soon digests these (should you thousands  
 (score)  
 And only, whets his stomach, still, for more.

2.  
 I'll taste those Apples in thine Autumn cheek,  
 The cherries, of thy Lips, suffice not me:  
 (seek

Those are not single Dainties, Love doth  
 I mean to ravish all the sweets of thee:  
 The Taste, to other senses can't dispence;  
 I must have sweets, for every sweet of sense.

3. (with's Bow,  
 I'll Touch, those downy hills, where Love  
 Lyes, in the vally on a bed of spice, (go,  
 O're which my busie hand, shall wandring  
 And search out Cupit, lurkt in's Paradise:  
 Thence, to thy Tower of Hony suckles where,  
 Venus, shall Court, my stay, to bath with  
 (Her.

4.  
 (thine,  
 Then shall I smell, sent from those Lips of  
 (Trees, V  
 A scent more sweet, then sally'd from the  
 Of

Of *Balme*, in *Eden* ; kindlier breath'd, on  
(mine,

Then *winds*, which whistle *Phoenix* Exe-  
(quies :

Or *Frankincense* for *Jove*, that's gently  
(sweat,

From all your *Beauties*, through a virtual  
(heat.

Now, will I hear, by thine harmonious  
(voice

Such moving accents, as might teach the  
(Sphæars,

A choicer *Musick* and whose powerful noice  
Perforce, acts *Raps*, on *Hearts* and *Charms*  
(all Ears:

Which, when't hath turn'd us *stones*, it  
(then can do,

As *Orpheus* did, and make us *Dancers*, too.  
6.

Then will I fix mine *Eyes*, on thee (my dear)  
And nayle them, to thy *Beauties* ; let thine  
(Eye,

Dart all the shafts of *Cupid*, I'll not fear,  
But stand thy mark : 'twere happy so to  
(Dye!

Wherecn, could I but gaze, my death, to see  
I'de be *Enamored*, of *Mortality*.

But say (<sup>7.</sup> Dear Heart ! ) can Love, be sated so  
 'Tis true, the senses, thus, are singly pleas'd  
 But to feast him, alas ! 'twill nothing do !  
 A greedy Lovers hunger ne're is eas'd :  
 Since then, for all sweets, Love, at once, doth  
 (call  
 Give me not these alone, but give me all.

---

S O N G XXV.

1.  
**A** Way ! Chloris give o're,  
 Insult on me, no more !  
 But let thine Eye,  
 Now, bid a Kingdome dye  
 And in their funeral flames, thy powers  
 And when (adore  
 Thou canst not find,  
 A nobler mind,  
 Then mine,  
 Love's deaths, to prove,  
 Let pity move  
 Thee, to retire,  
 And quench desire  
 With mutual flames, to Crown my Love.



2.

Alas! no *Triumph* lies,  
 In taking *single prize*,  
 Thine *Honour's* staid,  
 Though th'ast the *Baggage* gain'd,  
 And let'st an *Army* scape thy victories:  
 To thee,  
 The thing's the same  
 An *Host* t'have tane  
 As me  
 Thine *only Slave*,  
 When thou canst have  
*Artillery*,  
 In either *Eye*  
 Enough, to make the *World* a *Grave*.

## SONG XXVI.

I.

**T**Is since thine *Eyes*,  
 Did mine, surprize  
 (Time vainly lent  
 And idly spent)  
 groce of *houres* and more;  
 And now grown kind,  
 Thou hop'st to find,

D 2

My

My giddy mind,  
 Enclin'd  
 As 'twas before!  
 'Tis true: thy Beauties, once did take,  
 And for their sake,  
 I could have Lov'd thee too,  
 But, e'ne Adieu!  
 Give me the new!  
 For such, as you,  
 I'me not it h' humour, now.

2.

Had'st thou been wise,  
 And not so nice.  
 The rich Treasures  
 Of Lov's pleasures  
 Thou might'st have call'd thine Own;  
 But, now, th'art lost,  
 What thou lov'd'st most,  
 And Fate, as just,  
 Hath crost  
 Thy poor design:  
 For had'st thou ta'en me, in the Nick,  
 For praise, or trick,  
 None, could have done, like me,  
 But false from that,  
 As thou know'st what,  
 I would be at,  
 I've, nought to do with thee.

SONG XXVII.

## SONG XXVII.

1.

**K** Now (dearest beauty) those your Eyes,  
 Whose beams, you so like lightning, dart,  
 Have found, a passage, to my heart,  
 Which flaming, at Loves Altar, lies,  
 And (if not quencht with pity) dyes.

2.

I Burne, yet you (hard Heart!) restrain  
 The Remedy, should coole my heat;  
 Oh do not, thus, my passion cheat!  
 Starve with a Frown, or heal my pain,  
 Or grant me, Love, or force, disdain!

3.

Torment not, thus insultingly,  
 A martyr'd, and a kneeling Soul!  
 Whose fault, you may with love controul!  
 Through your preserving murdering Eye,  
 (Although it let me live) I dye.

4.

Yet see, Lov's deeper Mystery!  
 For, though these beams do scorch my heart  
 I glory, in the pleasing smart,  
 And in the flames, of your bright Eye,  
 Dying, to Live, I'd living, Dye.

## S O N G XXVIII.

1.  
**T**Ush! Love or say thou wilt not  
 I'me content!

'Tis, but an *hour*, idley spent,  
 And e'ne *that's* all,  
 Whatever *Chance* befall:  
 Mine *Eager Love*,  
 Admits, no lingring stay, 2  
 Nor will I vainly  
 Talke the *Time* away:  
 Tell me thou *canst* not *Love*, and I'll be gone  
 I've other *Mistresses*, to wait upon.

2.  
 Give me the *Buxom* lads, whose  
 Warmer *spright*,  
 Likes, and Loves, at the first sight!  
 My *mind* requires  
 The *Freedom*, of desires,  
 Like busie *Bees*,  
 That *Court*, the youthful *Field*,  
 And ravish all  
 The *sweets*, the *Virgins* yeild,  
 So *Giddy Love*, (sooth'd in his *Wanton* play  
 Takes, here, and there, a *Touch*, but the

(awa

SONG XXIX



## S O N G XXIX.

I.

I've seen thy *Face*, and now can swear;  
*Nature* hath puzzled *Art*,  
 For *Tongue*, nor *Fen*, can ne'er declare,  
 How sweet, how *Fair* thou art :  
 Whose high *Divinity*,  
 And awful *Majesty*,  
 All *Gazers*, so enthral,  
 That the *Wild fire*  
 Of my *desire*,  
 Dares not aspire,  
 To *flame*, to *Love*, unless thou say'st, It shall.

2.

How forcing are those *Looks* of thine !  
 How *Charming* are thine *Eyes* !  
 A thousand *hearts* kneel at thy *throne*,  
 A ready *sacrifice*.  
 Each one painting with pain,  
 And longing, to be slain  
 By a *smile* from thy *Brow* :  
 No *Sword* or *Shield*,  
 Us'd in that *Field*,  
 Where all must yeild  
 Or *Dye*, for *Love*, whether they will or no.

## S O N G   X X X.

1.

**F**air sinner cloud thine Eyes !  
 And *shade*, those *hills* of *Snow* !  
 Such *proud*, and *open* *Enemies*,  
     A *world*, may over-throw :  
 Those Eyes of thine (though ne're so *Fair*)  
     But *Engins* are,  
     To *work*, the *Gazers* smart,  
 And in thy *Breasts* (that sacred *Land*)  
     My wandring *Hand*,  
     Could *never* find thy *Heart*.

2.

Sweet *Lips* ! forbear ! no more !  
 I Court not for a *Kiss* ;  
 Nay pry'thee (little *Fool* !) give o're !  
 I *Love* thee, not, for this :  
 No, though my busie hand, the while,  
     Ith' *Fortunate* I'll be  
     Of *pleasure*, franchiz'd be,  
 Pox on't ! or let my *fancy* have,  
     The *thing* I crave,  
     Or tak't, *who's* will, for me.

S O N G   X X X I.



But Envious *death*, *untimely*, did surprize,  
 That *sweet*, which if a *goddess*, had *imbrac*  
 Sh'd *drown'd* the *world*, with *Tears*, and  
*Fidelio*. Dear, &c. (obsequious)

4.  
 Was there a *dearth*, in the *Elysian* shade  
 Of those rare *Souls*, that *Courteous* are  
 (and *True*)  
 Or were their *Ways* of *Love*, so *Comm*  
 (mad)  
 That, *they*, must snatch *thee* hence,  
 (learn *them* new)  
 'Twas so: but (*sure*) his *spirit* *sullen* lies,  
 Till I come *thither*, when (*with triumph*)  
 (clad)  
 We'll *Teach*, the *gods*, *Loves* *holier* *mysterie*  
 Till *then*, I sigh *Fidelio*, &c.

5.  
 Break Heart! to let my *Soul* *ascend*!  
 And *inquisition* make, it's *Aire*,  
 'Mongst all the *spirits*, there attend,  
 To *cull* out, that's most *white* and *Fair*  
 What was our *Glory*, now, their *Pride*,  
 And that's *mine own*, mine only *friend*,  
 There is no *heaven*, without him! so *she* cry  
*Fidelio*! dear *Fidelio*! sigh't her last & dy



## S O N G XXXII.

I.

I *Came*, and *Lockt*, and *Lik'd*, and *Lov'd*  
 And *frolickt*, in her *Eye*;  
 While, fair *Florilla*, well approv'd  
 The harmless courtesie : (blaz'd,  
 When, though my *hopes* were *drown'd*, *Love*  
 And set on fire, my *heart*,  
 While I still *gaz'd*  
 On *that*, which caus'd my *smart*,  
 Nor could my *Tongue*,  
 declare the *wronge*  
 Whereby, I sadly know,  
 No *pains* above,  
 The *griefs*, they prove,  
 Who fall in *Love*,  
 And dare not *say*, they *do*.

2.

What *Priviledge* takes the nicer *she*?  
 To *me*, the *thing's* all *one*  
 Whether of *softer Wax* she be,  
 Or of the *Parian stone* :  
 The *sport's* the same : then tell me, *why*  
*Fancy*, should be so *rude*,  
 For to *deny*.  
 What it, perhaps, as good.

From

From *her* that *lends*,  
 And freely *spends*  
 What, Nature, to her sent;  
 As from *that* Dame,  
 That counts it *shame*,  
 To *play* the *game*,  
 Which *lost*, she may *repent*.

S O N G XXXIII,  
*King Charles I. in Prison.*

I.  
**A** Dieu! (fair Love) Adieu!  
 And yet, farewell!  
 I never yet could tell,  
 How much, I honour You,  
 Nor You, ne're knew,  
 But yet Adieu!  
 A fairer Aime, invites me, now,  
 To rescue Majesty,  
 From Treachery,  
 Though well You know,  
 I'd ever do,  
 As much, for You,  
 Then, pry'thee let me go! (bring  
 The sanguine sword a happy triumph  
 Avenging Ladies wrongs, but more a King  
 On

One Kiss ! and then I'me gone !  
 Farewell Dear Heart !  
 Yet though I now depart,  
 When (once) the feild, is won,  
 The War being done,  
 And Charles at home :  
 When we may freely sit, and tell  
 The harmless injuries,  
 Of Cupid's Tyrannies  
 VVhat present Hell  
 The absent feel :  
 VVhen all is well,  
 And w'have no foes to quell,  
 But Cavaleers, secur'd, from low'd Alarmes,  
 I'll come and Quarter in thy peaceful Armes

## S O N G XXXIV.

1.

W H E N first, I drove a Trade of Love,  
 (Learnt, before half my time, was out)  
 I thought, it, once I could remove  
 The sad Engagements thereabout,  
 The Hopes, Despairs and Jealousies,  
 (By some, nick-nam'd Love's Tyrannies)  
 I soon, might ease, my miseries.

2. Then

2.

Then *strictly* I besieg'd a Face,  
 (which I had *summond* long go)  
 And had design, to *storme* the place,  
 Or to *surprize*, the *Female* foe :  
 Prepar'd, Granado'd Oaths to do't,  
 Hayl *shot*, of *Vowes* and *Prayers* (to boot)  
 But, see how soon, the *Fool* came to't !

3.

Without a *parley* to *Compound*,  
 Herself, and all, she did up yeild,  
 I raz'd the *fortress*, to the Ground,  
 And became, *master* of the Field :  
 Fell to the *spoil* : purchas'd the *Best*  
 Of all the *Jewels* there posselt,  
 Restoring *some*, reserv'd the *Rest*.

4.

When I had *done*, what I *could* do,  
 And once, *Love's* fiery *Tryall* o're,  
 I *Tam'd* my self, ith' conquest too,  
 Repented, what was *done* before.  
 Thus thought I, *when* I *this* did see.  
 If in *Love's* *Triumphs*, no more *pleasure* be,  
 I'll still *Beseige* take in, who's well, for me.

SONG XXXV.



## S O N G XXXV.

1.

**L** Ow, as my fair *Florilla's* feet, I lye,  
 Rap't, in an *Extasie*,  
 Till I am *doom'd*, either to *live* or *dye* :  
 But oh ! her curtain'd *Eye*, she does display  
 Whose every single *Ray*,  
 Makes me, a lasting everlasting day.

2.

Quick'en'd by that enlivening *Beam*, I move  
 As when *Antæus* strove, (prove ?  
 From th' *Earth* she treads, more vigorous I  
 Although her *Look*, such *virtual heat*, had  
 As might excuse the *Sun*, (thrown  
 From's *Clubb*, to th' *Alt* of *Generation*.

3.

I *Toucht* & *Kiss'd* my dearest fair, then stood  
 Resolved all to *Blood*, (good :  
 That *Passion*, might have made it's *action*,  
 But *Over loving* turn'd to *sin*, for I  
 seem'd, as design'd thereby,  
 Meerly for to *Encrease* and *Multiply*.

4.

Till, from her *Front*, (*throne*.  
*Beautys Majestique*  
 Fell something, like a *Frown*, (thrown.  
 XV. Which bold *desire*, hath *checkt* and over-  
 Hence

Hence I like *one*, inspir'd, from *above*)  
 VVill (spight of Cnpid) prove,  
*Venus*, the *Quean*, *Florilla*, *Queen of Love*.

## S O N G XXXVI.

1.

O H ! *stifle not longer*, mine *Eager desire!*  
 VVhich in it's own *flames Phoenix* like,  
 (would *expire!*

And *closer*, then *cockles*, when, we *shal entwine*  
 (My *dearest*) I'll breath out, my *Soul*, into

2.

(*thine.*

Thy *beauty*, shall *nourish*, as well, as *delight*,  
 Our *sences*, to *feast*, and a *longing invite*;

VVhilest *thou*, in our *dalliance* *perfumest*  
 (the *Aire*,

VVith thy *Breath*, that's as *sweet*, as thy

3.

(*Beauties are fair.*

Thy *hand*, at whose *touch*, I do *melt*, into  
 (blood,

Shall *busily range*, in an *amorous mood*,  
 Till, at length, being *entranc'd* by *Lov's my-*

(*sical charms.*

Thou, *boldly*, resign'st thy *self*, into mine

4.

(*Armes.*

Where, having given over thy *self*, for a *while*,  
 That I may *discover*, thy *forccnat Isle*,

VVh. A. B.

Whil't in *Admiration*, my *Passions*, are hurl'd  
In *Embrasing*, of thee, I do *Compass*, the world.

5.

Nor (sweetest) be *pearl* not, thy *Diamond-eyes*!  
For the *Treasure* th'ast *lost*, in becoming my  
(*prize* !

Since *Helena*, she, as *Immortal* shall be  
In the *Records* of *Fame*, as dull *Penelope*.

6.

Nor do thou *Florilla*, as *Lucrece* hath done  
Lay hands, on thy self! cause thy *Tarquin* is  
(*gone* !

For when with rich *Wines*, I have heigh-  
(*ten'd* my *Vein*

Full *fraught*, I'll return to my *dearest* again,  
And *Lucrece*, ne're *dy'd*, for her being a

(*Whore*,  
But, for *thought*, she should see her young  
(*Gallant* no more.

## S O N G XXXVII.

I.

A Way (you *Fool*!) will thou *Love less*.  
Now, thou know'st, I *Love more* ?

E

And

And tax me, with unfaithfulness,  
 'Cause I was sure before!  
 Love, like all other goods, diffus'd, is best  
 Nor can One claim, an interest,  
 But others may, as much (at least)  
 I Lov'd her, Love you, and will Love the re

The next, that hath my Fancy Wonne,  
 I'll serve as I serv'd you;  
 Why shouldst thou grudge anothers boon!  
 I'd give, the Devil his due.  
 What though thy Body, pleasure find!  
 Wilt thou, therefore, ingross my mind!  
 When Heaven (surely) ne're assign'd  
 Man, to one Woman, but to Woman kin

Who marry, do live single; and who have  
 A Union made, of two  
 Do, of that Nature, make a slave,  
 That, never made, them so:  
 Variety (as some do hold)  
 The gods delight in, and (of old)  
 Women, that were, for Saints, inroll'd  
 Coupled at will, and shall Man be controul



## SONG XXXVIII.

1.

(a day

**Y**OU! that can dye some thirteen times,  
 At every paltry *Ladies Frown!*  
 Deny your selves, when she says *Nay*,  
 And be more *hers*, then Y'are your *Own*;  
 I will informe you, of a way,  
 More safe (although less common known)  
 Shal bring the work about, for half a Crown.

2.

Wouldst have a colour'd Beauty, dy'd in grain  
 In-laid with *Art's* and *Nature's* store,  
 Fresh, as a Summers Evening Rain,  
 Soft, as the Down that *Leda* bore  
 Thy wish (unwoo'd) thou shalt obtain,  
 What matter, though she be a *Whore!*  
 Shee'l do, thy do, as well, what wouldst

3.

(thou morel

Try this, and Trust me for a Trick of Love,  
 There comes no *Woe*, where *Women Woe*  
 Here, presently, Y'are *Hand* and *Glove*:  
 She's handsome that will handsome Do.  
 Will not this more, then Coyness move?  
 The nicest, is but *Woman* too  
 Perhaps *unchast*, or faith! I'de make her so.

E 2

6. Then,

4.

Then, who would *lacquey* at a woman's w  
 Dogging her close, (as she went prou'd  
 Kyb'd to her *hæles*, yet jealous, still  
 His *services*, are dis-allow'd!  
 Vexing his thoughts, her's to fullfil  
 With Heart, e'ne broke, Knees, ever bow  
 To one, that cannot shine, but through

5.

(Clou

'Tis folly, to besiege, an intrencht Dame  
 Wood-stockt with Honour, Conscience, Fea  
 When thousands render up the same,  
 (On easier terms) thou seekst for ther  
 The thing's all one, but for the Name,  
 Then, which is best a Prize, bought Dea  
 Or what, is freely purchas'd every where?

## S O N G XXXIX.

1.

VV Hy such a Doe  
 To Wane thee!  
 What's in thee  
 Should tempt me, to woe,  
 Or quarrel for a Kiss!

I coul

I could have store,  
 Of Creatures,  
 Whose Features,  
 Are far *thine* before,  
 Would *Covet*, such a *Bliss*:  
 Then take it *kindly*,  
 With a full *Consent*,  
 And I'll use the *friendly*,  
 To thy best *Content*:  
 Hands off! give thy *mind* to't!  
 And, *then*, thou shalt see  
 If thou, but *encline* to't  
 How *pleasant*, twill be.

2.

Throw of thy *Gown*!  
 Un-lace thee  
 Embrace me,  
 And, *close*, lay thee down,  
 And let me *Doe*, my *Doe*!  
 Put out the *Light*!  
 I'll dandle,  
 And handle,  
 Thy *Mint*, of *Delight*,  
 And will *new* mould thee, too.  
 Lull'd, then, in *pleasure*,  
 And thy *wanton* Bed,

E 3

I'll

Ile unfold, the *Treasure*,  
 Of thy *Maiden-head* :  
 Come to't, do not dally !  
 But let us agree !  
 Ne're stand *shall I ! shall I !*  
 But, *at it*, let's be.

---

## S O N G XL.

*The Second Part.*

I.

N Ay pish ! go to  
 Ne're proffer,  
 This offer  
 Why what ist you'd *do* !  
 Don't you believe that !  
 Sweet, now forbear !  
 Nay pry'thee !  
 They'le see thee !  
 They can't chuse but *bear*,  
 Say ! what would you be at !  
 Oh Sir, you mistake me !  
 I am, no *such one*,  
 As you seem, to *make me*,  
 Pray let me *alone* !

I promise



I promise you, truely,  
 Had I known *before*,  
 Y'had been so *unruly*,  
 I'd kept *fast* the *Doore*!

2.

Y'ou 're such a Man,  
 S' *unluckie*  
 Nay! look ye!  
 Do *all*, that I can,  
 I see, you'l have, your way :  
 Take off your *Hands*!  
 Nay *hear* me!  
 Forbear me!  
 The *Dore* open stands,  
 What will my *Mother* say!  
 Thou see'st how I *Love* thee,  
 And why I am *Wone*,  
 None're yet could *move* me,  
 To what, thou hast *Done* :  
 Delayes, they are *lothing*;  
 Then *quickly* have *done*,  
 And pry'thee say *nothing*!  
 But let us be gone!

## S O N G X L I.

I.

**V**Vhen Love & Beauty, doth combine  
 To prove a conquest, and conjoyne  
 Their Powers in One,  
 They seldome yield,  
 Or quit, the Field,  
 Untill, their forces do  
 Make Rebells stand,  
 To their Command,  
 And bend, to such, as you.

2.

Thy comely Ayres, and hidden Grace,  
 Besides the Magick, of thy face,  
 With cunning, and  
 Inchanting Arts,  
 Can charm all Hearts  
 Into that Round of Love,  
 Which Circle is,  
 Of all the Blisse  
 Wherein true joyes, do move.

S O N G

## S O N G   X L I I.

*By Sir, A.G. Mockt by the Author.*

G.

1.

**P**Ox take you Mristress ! I'le begon!  
 I have Friends to wayt upon ;  
 Think you, i'le my self confine,  
 To your Humors ! (Lady mine !)  
 No, your lowring, seems to say,  
 Tis a rayny Drinking day,  
 To the Tavern I'le away.

B.

1.

Pox take this Drinking ? what's to pay !  
 I have Lasses for me stay :  
 Think you I'le my self besot  
 To the Quar't, or Pottle-pot ;  
 No, They only heighten one,  
 For this after Action.  
 To the Whore-house I'le begon :

G.

2.

There have I, a mristress got  
 Cloysterd in a Pottle pot  
 Bri k and sparkling, as thine Eye,  
 When those riches glances flie,  
 Plump and bounding, soft and fair,

*Buxom, blith, and debonaire,  
And she's called Sack my Dear.*

B.

2.

*There a mistress won have I,  
Cloyster'd, in no Nunnery;  
Neat, and brisk, as Spanish Wine,  
Or the juyce in Carnadine.*

*Plump and Gallant, and hath store,  
To suffice, me o're, and O're,  
And she's Celia cal'd, my Whole.*

G.

3.

*Sack is my better mistress far,  
Sack's mine only Beauty-stare;  
Whose Divine, and sprightful rayes,  
Twinckle in each Nose and Face:  
Should I all her Beauties show,  
Thou thyself, wouldst Love-sick grow,  
And she'd prove, thy mistress too.*

B.

3.

*She is my holy whole delight!  
Whose Beauty stars, make day of night:  
Whose lovely Aires, and comely Grace,  
Ne're adorn'd Anothers Face,  
Did they all thy features see,  
Drinkers, would my Rivals be,  
And be Top't, with none, but thee,*

She



G.

4.

She with no tart *scorn*, will *blast* me !  
 Yet upon the *Bed*, she'l cast me :  
 And ne're *blush* her self to red,  
 Nor *fear*, the loss of *Mayden-head* :  
 Yet she can, i dare to say,  
*Spirits*, into me convey,  
 More, then, thou, canst take away.

B.

4.

What though she *scorn*, or sometimes *frown*,  
 On the *Bed*, I'll lay her down ;  
 Where she *blushes* not, like one,  
 That's *asham'd*, of what sh'*as done* :  
 Yet I gain, I dare to swear,  
 In an *hour*, more *spirit*, from her,  
 Then *Sack* yeilds thee, in a year.

G.

5.

Getting *Kisses*, here's, no coyle,  
 Here's no *Handkercheifes*, to spoyle !  
 Yet, I, better *Necior* sipp,  
 Then e're dwelt, upon thy *Lip*  
 And though *still*, and *mute* she be,  
 Quicker wit, she brings to me,  
 Then, e're I, could find in thee.

B.

5.

Though for a *Kiss*, we strive a while,  
 Pay tears, to purchase half a smile,

VVe

VVe scorn, when *hence*, such *bliss*, is got,  
The *Kissing cupp*, or *Smiling pot* :

Though we talk not, as *before*,  
Blame us not, to think the more  
Fancying *Kingdomes o're*, and *o're*.

G.

6.

If I go, ne're look, to see  
Any more, a fool of me!

I'll no *liberty* up give,  
Nor a *maudlin Lover* live ;

*Thou* shalt, never, bring me to't,  
No not all thy *smiles* shall do't,  
Nor thy *Maiden-head* to boot.

B.

6.

VWhen I come, I'me sure to find,  
A brave *Gallant*, to my *minde*,

VWhere I'll, my *Liberty*, give o're,  
And be *maudlin Drunk* no more :

I shall soon, be, *thither* led,  
Each *smile*, shall win me, to her *Bed*,  
And all, for her *Maiden-head*.

G.

7.

But if *thou* wilt take the pain,  
To be good, but once again,  
And if one *smile*, call me back,  
*Thou* shalt be that *Lady Sack* :

Faith! but try, and thou shalt see,  
 VVhat a Loving Soul I'll be,  
 VVhen I'me Drunk, with none, but thee.

B.

7.

But, when all my pains, are spent,  
 If thou yeildst no fresh content,  
 And let't Sack, me, re-invite,  
 She shall be my whole delight :

Faith ! ne're try, for then you'll see,  
 VVhat a Ranter, I shall be  
 VVhen I'me drunk, with her, not thee.  
 Never try! for, then, you'll know,  
 VVhat brave feats, this Sack, can show,  
 VVhen I'me drunk, as driven Snow.

## S O N G   X L I I I .

I.

C Ome my sure drinking Blades !  
 VVhose never known Trades,  
 Are excus'd, from the Curse of the women,  
 From Plot or design,  
 But for money or Wine,  
 VVhile priviledg'd draughts,  
 Are loose, as your thoughts,  
 And drink, makes you, only, Freemen,  
 Ec

Be brisk, as a louse

Oth' Body or mouse,

When the Puss, does Catlin a Fiddle,

For, the Drawer, shall bring

Ague like, in the Spring,

A Cure, for a King,

Oh! tis Sack! that's the thing;

Tis an *All* in all,

That will come, at the call!

The Sick-man's health,

And the poor man's wealth

'Tis a kind of a Riddle-me-riddle:

Then Oh! my brave bully!

Why sit'st thou so dully,

And dreyn'st up thy gully

With spung'd Melanchol'y!

'Tis a Fiefor-shame, to thy breeding

To sit, like those

Make Children shoes,

And tamper thy chapps,

Like a Clark, in's Clapps,

Or on Brawn, an old Gossip, a feeding.

Cho. It is Wine,

That's divine,

Must refine,

Our dull Souls:

There's



There's no *mirth*,  
In the *Earth*,  
Where's a *Dearth*,  
Of the *Bowls*.

2.

Come ! a *Health* to a *Mis'* !  
A *brimmer* it is ;  
To the first *Letter* *this*,  
Then *fillable* all together !  
Oh ! a *Name*, of an *Ell*.  
That's beyond our *spell*,  
Would do, rarely well,  
To *multiply* *Cups* on either :  
We'll *Drink*, not *fight*,  
For a *Ladies* right,  
He's no *Draught's* man, that will wrong  
And, hence, maintain, (one,  
By the *Drink* w'have ta'ne,  
There's no good *Name*,  
But a *Long* one.  
Thus our *mistrisses* live,  
And fates *servive*,  
While others are *perish*, and rotten,  
We *Saint*, each *Last*,  
Canoniz'd, in a *Glass*,  
And their *beauties*, are never forgotten.  
*Cho.* It is *Wine*, &c.

3. Well

3.

Well ! how goes the *Glass* !

Let's see ! has he *done* it !

So so ; let it *pass* !

He's next who *begun* it !

Tw*as* I, that swallowd the *first*, I

Let's not *Drink* to halves,

Like *Waltham's Calves*,

And *hame*, agen, turn, a *thirsty*.

Ralph ! *prime* him a *bowle*

Happy man ! be his *dole*!

Here's *soveraign Sack*,

For the *brains*, and the *back*,

'Tis *good*, for the *gentle* and *simple*,

'Tis not, for *nought*,

(As, the *Wiser*, have thought)

That the *Devil's*, so *near* the *Temple* :

Tw*as* *this* (in a word)

Made, the *Cobler*, a *Lord*

Till, *relaps'd*, to bewitched *water*,

In an ill time (then)

Recobl:r'd agen,

W*as*, never, his *own man*, after :

Our *Soul*, is a *Salt*,

(As *Philosopher's* call't,) )

But *given*, to *keep* us, from *stinking*,

But

at Nature had (sure)  
Other end, to procure  
A Thirst, for to further, our Drinking!  
Then, why does this Blade,  
rink, so like a Maid!  
While he thinks, no body does mind him  
et, daily he Views  
he Danger, accrew',  
By leaving the Liquour behind him :  
his youth, suites me best,  
Who, would, ne're, let it rest,  
Ill Conscience like, were the Bowle bis,  
ut sucks like a Man,  
With a Throat, like a Crane,  
And racks down his Body, a whole Piece.  
ay ! what pleasure is't,  
or to supply the Twist  
Of a Quean? he's Fool, that will ask it.  
The Plow-man, is sound,  
While he's Tearing the Ground,  
And busi'd, in Pinning the Basket.  
Cho. It is Wine  
That's Divine  
Must refine  
Our dull Souls,  
There's no Mirth,  
In the Earth,  
Where's a Dearth!  
Of the Bowls,

## S O N G X L I V.

1.

**F**ortune is *blinde*,  
 And *Eeautyunkind*,  
 The *Devil* take'um both !  
 One is a *Witch*,  
 And t'other's a *Bitch*,  
 In *neither's*, *Faith*, or *Troth* :  
 There's *hazard*, in *Hap*,  
*Deceit*, in a *Lap*,  
 But no *fraud* in a *Erimmer*;  
 If *Truth*, in the *bottom*, lye,  
 Thence to *redeem her*,  
 We'll drain a whole *Ocean* dry.

2.

Honour's, a *Toy* !  
 For *Fooles*, a *Decoy* !  
 Beset, with *Care* and *Fear* ;  
 And *that* (I wusse)  
 Kills, many a *Pusse*,  
 Before her *Clymacht* year :  
 But *Freedome*, and *Mirrh*,  
 Create, a new *birth*;  
 while, *Sack's*, the *Aqua-vita*  
 That *vigour*, and *spirit* gives :

Liquor do



*Liquour Almighty !*  
Whereby, the poor mortal lives.

3.

Let us be *Blith*  
In spight, of *death's sythe !*  
And with a *heart and half*  
*Drink* to our *Friends*,  
And *think* of no *ends*  
But keep us *sound*, and *safe !*  
While *healths*, do go *round*,  
No *malady's* *found*,  
The *man sick*, in the *morning*,  
For want, of it's *wonted straine*,  
Is as a *warning*,  
To double it, o're *again*.

4.

Let us maintain  
Our *Traffique* with *Spain*  
And both the *Indies*, *steigh*  
Give us their *Wines !*  
Let *them* keep their *mines !*  
We'll pardon *Eighty eight !*  
There's more certain *wealth*  
Secur'd, from *stealth*,  
In one *Pipe* of *Canary*,  
Then, in an *Unfortunate Isle ;*  
Let us be *wary*  
We do not *Our selves* *beguile !*

F 2

SONG XLV.

## S O N G X L V.

Latin'd thus by the Author.

1.

**S**ors sine Visu,  
 Forma<sup>que</sup> Rifu,  
 Sint pro Dæmone!  
 Hæc Malefica,  
 Ista Venefica,  
 Fallax utraque :  
 Sors, *mera* est Fors,  
 Sinusque vecors,  
 Sed *fraus nulla*; in Toto  
 In Fundo, si Veritas sit  
 Potu Epoto,  
 Oceanus Siccus fit.

2.

Honor est Lusus,  
 Stultis illus<sup>us</sup>  
 Curâ catenatâ;  
 Hâcque (ut fatur)  
 Catus necatur,  
 Morte non paratâ:  
 Dum vero Græcamur,  
 Nos Renovamur  
 Nam, Aqua vitæ, vinum,

Vir

*Vires spiritusq; dat,  
Idque Divinum,  
A morte, nos Elevat.*

3.  
*Jam finus læti,  
Spretâ vi Lethi,  
Cordatissime!  
Ut Combibones  
(Non ut Gnathones)  
Sarti-testique:  
Dum Pocula spument,  
Morbi absument:  
Ac, manè, Corpus Onustum,  
Præ alienatione,  
Acuit gustum,  
Pro iteratione.*

4.  
*Perstet, quotannis,  
Merx, cum Hispanis  
India sit Sola!  
Vinum præbeant!  
Aurum teneant!  
Absit Spinola!  
Sunt Opes, pro Certo,  
Magis à furto,  
In Vini Potione,  
Quam Terra Incognita*

*Pro Cautione  
Nè nobis sit Subdola.*

## S O N G XLVI.

At the Surrender of Oxon.

1.

**T**HOU *Man of Men*, who e're thou art,  
That hast a *Loyal, Royal Heart*,  
*Despaire* not! though thy *Fortune* frown  
Our *Cause*, is *Gods*, and not our *Own*;  
'Twere *sin*, to harbour *Jealous feares*, (leers  
The *World* laments, for *Cavaleers*, Cava-

2.

(*Town*  
Those *Things* (like *Men*) that *swarm*, it h  
Like *Motions*, wander up, and down;  
And were the *Rogues*, not full of *blood*,  
You'd swear, *they men* were, made of *wood*  
The *Fellow-feeling-wanton* swears,  
There are no *Men*, but *Cavaleers*, &c.

3.

*Ladies*, be *pearl*, their *Diamond Eyes*,  
And curse, *Dame Shipton's Prophecies*  
Fearing they never shall be *sped*,  
To *wrestle*, for a *Maiden-head*:



But *feelingly*, with doleful tears,  
They *sigh*, and *mourn* for *Cavaleers*, &c.

4

Our grave *Divines*, are *silenc'd* quite.  
Ecclipsing thus, our *Churches Light* :  
Religion's made a *mock*, and all  
Good *wayes*, as *Works*, *Apocryphal* :  
Our *Gallants* baffle'd, *slaves* made *Peers*,  
While *Oxford*, weeps for *Cavaleers*, &c.

5.

Townsmen complain, they are *undone*,  
Their *Fortunes* faile, and *all* is gone,  
*Ropemakers*, only *live* in hopes,  
To have good *trading*, for their *Ropes*,  
And *Glovers* thrive, by *Round-heads Ears*,  
When *Charles* returns, with's *Cavaleers*,  
(*Cavaleers*.)

---

## SONG XLVII.

At General *Monkes* coming to *London*.

**N**OW *Lambert's* sunk,  
And mighty *Monke*  
Succeeds, the *Tyrannous Cromwell*,  
And *Arthur's Court*.

'Cause, *time is short*  
 Do *Rage*, like *Devils*, from *Hell* :  
 Let's mark the *Fate*,  
 And *course of State*  
 Who *rises*, while t'other, is *sinking*,  
 And *believe*, when *this* is *past*,  
 'Twill be, our *turn*, at *last*;  
 By the *good old cause of Drinking*.

2.

First *Sa' fleum Noll*,  
 He *swallow'd all*,  
 His *smeller*, shew'd he *lov'd it* :  
 But *Dick* his *Son*,  
 As he were *none*,  
 Gave't off ! and had *reprov'd it* :  
 But that his *Foes*,  
 Made *Bridge*, on's *Nose*,  
 And cry'd him *down*, for a *Protector*,  
 Proving *him*, to be a *Fool*  
 That would, undertake to *Rule*,  
 And not *fight*, and *drink*, like *Hector*.

3.

The *Græcian Lad*,  
 He *Drank* like *mad*.  
 Minding no *Work* above it ;  
 And ( *San's question* )  
 Kill'd *Ephestion*,  
 Cause, he'd not approve it :

He got *Command*,  
 Where, *God* had *Land*,  
 And, like a right *Maudlin* *Tonker*,  
 When he *Tippled* all, and *Wept*,  
 He laid him *down*, and *Slept*,  
 Having no more *Worlds* to *Conquer*.

4.

*Rump* *Parliament*,  
 Would needs invent  
 An *Oath*, of *Abjuration*,  
 But *Obedience*,  
 And *Allegiance*,  
 Now, are all in *fashion* :  
 Then here's a *Bowle*,  
 With *Heart*, and *Soul*,  
 To *Charles*, and let *All*, say *Amen* to't,  
 Though, they brought the *Father* down,  
 From a triple *Kingdom* *Crown*,  
 Wee'l *Drink* the *Son*, up agen to't.

## SONG XLVIII.

1.

**N**OW the *State's* brains, are *addle*,  
 With a new *fiddie* *faddle*,  
 And *Politick* *Body* *Disorder'd*,

He

And

And reeles too and fro,  
 (As Good fellows do)  
 In reason, that cannot be border'd:  
 VVhile, Drunk with their *Wealth*,  
 (Made *Sweeter* by *Stealth*)  
 They, Coop't in their *Own*,  
 Seek *Kingdomes* to come,  
 And fancy, beyond-sea-*Vagaries*;  
 VVe, sit Close at Home,  
 Content, with Lipp Room;  
 In the *Infinite Space*,  
 Of an *Ocean Glasse*,  
 Nere Sayle to, but Drink the *Canaries*:  
 And in our *Opinion*,  
 Have greater *Dominion*, (Got u'm;  
 Then *They*, when their *Conquests* be-  
 VVe Discover ith' Cup,  
 That is, *Well dry'd up*,  
 A *New New-found Land*, in the bottom;  
 Then bighten our *Souls*,  
 VVith aspiring *Bowles*,  
 For *Crosses*, & *Cares* w'have forgot u'm.

## 2.

Pox on *Cupid*, and's *Whimsies*,  
 That makes a *Man* dimn's *Eyes*,  
 VVith *Playnts* to an *Idle-fekt-Mistresse*;  
 And, *Spaniel-like*, *Whimper*,  
 And *Hine*, till the *Simper*,



Or Laugh, at his *Woe*, and his *Distresse* :  
 Let *Mongrels* that are  
 Betwixt *hope*, and *fear*,  
 Their *Fortunes* bemoan,  
 With a *Grievous-Groan*, (hard  
 While we, *merry Lads*, that have drank  
 In our *Geers*, well warm,  
 Nere *Think*, nor *Catch harm* ;  
 Nor *Sensible* are,  
 Of *Sorrows*, or *Care*, (hard :  
 Nor of *Tears*, but those of the *Tan-*  
 That *Spare-Rib* (call'd *Woman*)  
 Or *proper*, or *common*, (dom ;  
 Shall, ne're, take us off from our free-  
 Wee'! *Drink deep*, and draw,  
 With a *bungry Maw*,  
 As *Spunges* were there, for to feed 'um ;  
 And for a recruit,  
 Fresh *Bottles* shall do't  
 Or *Pottles*, I'me sure, we shall need 'um.

3.

Let's curſe that *dull Miſer*  
 That will *Club*, but his *iſer*,  
 And ſuck out his *gill*, with the *Bulkeys* ;  
 While *Taverns*, they bugger,  
 Drunk in *Hugger mugger* ;  
 Our throats are like *Open Sepulchers* :  
 Each *Man*, with is *lowle*,

Like

Like a Good dry soul,  
 And a Manag'd Quart,  
 To solace the Heart,  
 The Word Have at all, so we fall on,  
 And hugg, his Design,  
 Who, at close oth' Wine,  
 Entitles, by Stealth,  
 A Requiring Health, (Gallow.  
 Till, the pinte, turn Pimp to the  
 Thus wash away Sorrow,  
 With thoughts of to Morrow,  
 Or any past thing that befell ye;  
 For, Sack, is a sure,  
 And a Sovereign Cure,  
 Of any Disease, it will heal ye,  
 What would a Man more,  
 Out of Nature's store,  
 Then Women and Wine by the belly?

## S O N G XLIX.

I.

N Ow, w' are high flown,  
 Let's laugh, and lye down,  
 And revel, in the pride of our blood,  
 For Melancholly,  
 's an idle folly

Tha

That, never brought any to Good :

Since *Mirth*, enlivens our Souls, (*bowles*;  
And *hightens*, our Spirits, with *Comforting*  
Which, when with *Courage* o're grown,  
A *Well manag'd-Woman*, shall soon take them  
2. (down.

Wee'l ranfack Nature,

T' Enjoy the Creature,

And cull out the prime of her Store ;

For *Wine*, and *Women*,

Shall make us the men,

In plenty, what need we be poor ?

Then *drink* ! and *more drink* ! let's call,  
Cause, that does afford us, our *Meat*, *Cloth*,

'Tis that, must keep us *Alive* (and *All* :  
While, *Duck-like*, all *weathers*, we *Tipple*, &—

3.

I like that man well,

That strikes me *handsel*,

It h' *Morning*, with a *fresh fasting-Groat* ;

And when we enter 't,

Cryes, hang't ! let's *venture* 't !

Then doubles it, to Mend our *Draught*,

And when our *Hands* are well in,

Until, the hard *Mid-night* repeats it agin ;

Then sleep a *while* for *recrute*,

And let the *dry Morning*, afresh, call us to't.

4. Thus,

4.

Thus, free from *Thinking*,  
 Perpetual *Drinking*  
     Be-*Lethe's* the *Cares* of the *World* ;  
 Our *Dose*, a *Gallon*,  
 The *Quart's*, a small one ;  
     Then, see, that it *down* *staves* be *hurl'd* ;  
     And with *It*, ply us all *Day*   (*Play* ;  
 And, make it *Your Work*, for to keep us in  
     But if, *unfil'd* to the *Brim*,  
 The *devil* take *drawer*, or *Dunstan* take him.

## S O N G L.

At the Request of Sr. John Kyrle.

1.

**L** Et half God *Bacchus*, now resigne,  
 His *Demy-ships*, *usurped Place* !  
*Pomona's Juyce*, is more *Divine*,  
     More *Sovereign*, her *Grace* ;  
     *Queen Apple* ! *Sbe*,  
     My *Love* shall be,  
 There's *none*, I admire, beside *Her*,  
     *Dame Barley's sappe*,

And



And *Blood* oth' *Grape*,  
Must yield to *puissant Cyder*.

2.

This, was the *Nectar*, warm'd the *Gods*,  
While *Adam* *Wight*, in *Eden*, *Delves*:  
Nor must the *Mortal*, know the *ods*,  
Reserved for themselves,  
Till *Medling Eve*,  
Laught in her sleeve,  
And was resolv'd, what e're betwixt her,  
To have a *Tast*,  
Of the *Fruit* (at last)  
That affords, *Everlasting Cyder*.

3.

This done, the *Old Boy*, she did call  
To *Tast*, and *Eat*; had *He* bin *Wise*,  
To *squeeze*, and *drink*, *Flesh* could not *Fall*,  
'T had, rather made it *Rise*:  
The *Trojan Youth*,  
Had ne're (in truth)  
Got *Venus Boon*, had he deny'd *Her*,  
That *Thing*, on *I'de*,  
Which prest, and try'de,  
Made *Potable Gold*, for a *Cyder*.

4.

A *Dragon* watcht th' *Hesperides*,  
King *Pippin's* *Tody* to secure,  
And daunt achieving *Hercules*,

Who,

Who ne're was *Friend* to *Brewer*,  
 For with the *Thought*,  
 Of *this* he fought,  
 Had the *Jawes* of the *Beast*, bin *Wider*,  
 He would have *dar'd*,  
 To passe the *Guard*,  
 For a powerful *Rummer* of *Cyder*.

5.  
*Sherbet*, *Coffee*, and *Chocolate*,  
 Are *Heathenish Drinks*, compar'd to *this*,  
 That *Water* (too) *Unchristen'd*, late  
*Sirnam'd Mirabilis* :  
 Let *Spain* and *France*,  
 Their *Wines* Advance, (her,  
 Our *Herefordshire*, they say, that try'd  
 Doth now produce  
 A *Nobler Juice*,  
 The *Muses*, and the *Mortals Cyder*.

6.  
 Those of this *Isle*,  
 Are blest the while,  
 Whom *Nature* befriends with her bounty  
 If this *Song* faile,  
 'Tis long of *Ale*,  
 Being *Shire* of *Another County*.

SONG. LI

# SONG LI.

After *Worcester* Fight.

i.

**T**He *Kings* gone!  
 W' are *All* undone!  
 Ore'powr'd, by the *Sword*!  
 The *Crown*'s lost!  
 Our *Fortunes* crost!  
 While *Cromwel*'s their *Good Lord*!  
 Our *Hopes*, to see  
 A *Hierarchy*  
 Small *Comforts*, now afford,  
 When *Bulkers* *Teach*,  
 And *Troopers* *preach*  
 Of *God*, the *Devil* a *Word*.

2.

Yet ne're pine!  
 Nor season *Wine*!  
 With *Tears* of *Misery*!  
 The *Glasse* *Crown*!  
 Let *Fortune* drown!  
 Or *Hang*, no whit care!  
 The *Thousandth* *Cup*,  
 Shall, puff us up  
 To *Fancy* *Monarchy*:  
*Religion*

G

"Sans

'Sans King, is None,  
But Drinking Loyalty.

## SONG LII.

On the Act against Titles of Honour

I:  
**D**raw the *Wine* !  
 Fill the *Bowle* !  
 Ne're repine !  
 Or Condole !  
 At the *Usage*, the *States*, lay upon us !  
 Though they *Trample* us *down*,  
 Under *foot*, from a *Crown*,  
 If we, but *hold* up  
 For a plentiful *Cup*,  
 Wee'l *forgive*, all the *mischiefs*, th'ave done  
 Let our *Honours*,  
 And our *Mannours*,  
 Be *confiscate*, to their *Powers*;  
 If we *Sack*,  
 May not *Lack*,  
 The whole *World* shall be *Ours*: (afford  
 And while their *kindness*, this fair *boon*, and  
 Though we cannot *spend*, wee'l be as *drunk* A  
 (as *Lords* T

2. The



2.

Then about

Give the *Glasse* !

Suck it out !

Let it passe !

And who *Tipples*, as long, as He's able,  
 Though He's *shrunk*, from *Sr. John*,  
 To Poor *Jack*, all is *One* ;

Let's *Lady*, take *snuff*,If he drink, but *Enough*,We'll install him *Kt.* of the *Round Table* :Other *Titles*,Are but *Trifles*,Not deserving our *Thinking*,

Hence wee'l make,

*Laws*, to takeOur *Degrees*, from *Good Drinking* :Honour's a *Pageant*, we disclaim the *Thing* ,Who'd be a *Knight*, where *Charles* is not a

3.

*King* ?

Drink away !

*Have at all* !

While we stay,

Let us call,

And, as *Lilburn* would have us, be *freemen*,And who *Tope* out their *Time*,Till the *Midnight* shall *Chyme*,Their *Mistresses*, *They*

G 2

Shall

Shall be *Ladies* of the *May*,  
 And *Themselves*, of the *Bottles*, the *Yeomen*  
 The *Commanders*,  
 That were *Ranters*,  
 Shall Commence, now, to be *Hector*  
 And be still  
 As *Gentile*  
 As the *Kingdom's Protector's* (*Rules*)  
 And bear, (displeasure of *States*, or *Heralds*)  
 In their *Pockets*, *Argent*, in their *Faces*, *Gules*.

## S O N G LIII.

When the Parliament would have  
 Crown'd Cromwell.

I.

**T**He Parliament,  
 Had a shrew'd Intent,  
 To make their Lord a King,  
 But He (*Good man*)  
 Do, what they can,  
 Will yield, to no such thing:  
 He fought to God,  
 And fought abroad,  
 Our *Freedoms*, home to bring,  
 Nor dares He make

For *Charles* his sake,  
Himself a Glorious King.

2.

Then in a *Word*,  
Let's praise our Lord;  
Who, did so well, *Protect* !  
His *Kingdome's* not,  
Of this *World*, but  
Another hee'l *Protect*,  
And, spight of *Those*, ,  
Who might oppose  
The *Wardship*, of the *Throne*,  
Till the *King* comes,  
The three *Kingdomes*,  
Hee'l keep still, as his *Own*.

3.

What need he care  
To be styl'd O. R.  
When O. P. does as well?  
The *Things*, the same,  
But, for the *Name*,  
Kingdom, or Common *Weale* :  
It, onely, *Mads*,  
Us bonny *Ladds*,  
Who, while we *Quaffe*, and *Sing*,  
What e're we *think*  
We fear, to *Drink*  
A *Health*, unto the King.

G 3

SONG LIV.

## S O N G   L I V.

On the Act for Marriages.

1.

**L**ast Parliament Sate,  
 And the *Speaker* did prate,  
 A *Jury of Years*, to no purpose;  
 For *Acts*, and for Law,  
 To keep us, in awe,  
 They baffled, the *Rules of Lyncurgus*.  
 For, when seven Years,  
 They had Sate Sans Peers,  
 (Without *Wit*, or *Fears*) (trimmer  
 And, we look't, when *Geers*, should go  
 They gave us, at last,  
 Of their *Office* a *Cast*,  
 And what d'ye think was't?  
 A Put off with a *Pittyfull Primmer*.

2.

And, once in a *Mood*,  
 When sitting was *Good*, (upon it  
 And their *Wives*, they had put them,  
 They thought, of a *Knack*,  
 To silence, the *Clack*, (done it  
 That *Men*, might not tell, when th'ad  
 When



When, this *paß'd*, they had,  
 They *sate still*, like *Mad*,  
 Till the *fiery fac'd Lad*

In *Zeal* and *Uprightnesse*, had told 'um  
 If they left not the *House*,  
 Without any *Excuse*,  
 To a *better use*,

He'd make it too *hot*, for to *bold* 'um.

3.

So in came, of *late*,  
 the *Devil would ha'te*

For *seldom* (they say) comes a *better*  
 Such *Hebrew Jews*,

you *pick*, and *chuse*,

Not, one, of the *Law* knows a *Letter*.

And, now th'ave *begun*,

Such an *Act* th'ave *Done*,

And a *Pattern* shewn,

To *marry*, or *Hang*, take you whether,

For next *trick* they *shew's*

Will be, for to *Chuse*,

A *New-way*, to *Noose*,

Since both, do by *fate*, go together.

4.

When *woe*, comes to *woe*

to the *Justice* we go,

(*shake* 'um,

And those (who have hands) are to

And, he that can, *speaks*

4

A

B 3473

A. B. C. D. takes,  
 But *Justices*, the Devil take 'um!  
 Girles, that are *Sporting*,  
 Must stay, till *fourteen*,  
 'Ere they be *Courting*,  
 Who, would have begun at *Eleven*,  
 And Men, till *Sixteen*  
 (Was e're such trick seen?)  
 Stomack, it sticks in, (sever  
 When They'd have fal'n to't e're, twice

5.

Those *Youths* that are *Kind*,  
 And have now a *Months* mind,  
 I'de wish, e're the *Close* of *September*,  
 To make a l *Cock* sure,  
 And firm, to *Endure*,  
 That, *Each*, take his *Love* by the *member*  
 VWho *Wivings* adjourn,  
 And now slip their *Turn*,  
 VVere better, to *Burn*:

The *Word*, it is *hard*, but a *True One*  
 If I were, well-rid,  
 Of the *Wife*, that I did  
 in the *Old way-wed*,

I'de hang e're, I'de *Venture* the *new one*  
 Cbo. Oh *Parliament*! *Parliament*! *pittyful*  
 VWhat would You be at? (Clown

It puzzles the Rules  
 Of the *Lames*, and the *Schools*,  
 This *Question* to state  
 Whether they were more *Knaves*, then you  
 (are *Fools*.)

## S O N G L V.

## A Round.

1.

Come smoo h off your *Liquor* !  
 It makes th' *Wit* quicker,  
 And he, that his *Water* refuses,  
 Whilest we *Laugh* and *Sing*  
 And quaff *bealbs*, to the *King* ,  
 Shall ne're have a *Bout* with the *Muses*.

2.

The next to *Queen Mary* :  
 Fill it up ! we'le not spare ye ;  
 We came *hither*, to wash our *Gully* :  
 How now ! what's a clock ?  
 Give the *Drawer* a *Knock*  
 We loose *time*, while he fills it, so *dully*.

3.

To the *Duke* swallow franker,  
 Since we have the *Spanker*  
 We'le every man *Drink* out, an od-price.  
 He

He, that failes, of his *whole* one,  
 Were he *graver*, then *Solon*.  
 Shall have all *the* rest, in his *Cod-peice*.

## S O N G L V I.

## A Round.

I.

**A** Pox on those *Od-mates* !  
 And half witted *Clode-pates* !  
 That ne're knew the price, of a *Pottle* !  
 Nor ever took part,  
 Of a tedious *Quart*,  
 But tamper their *Chaps*,  
 On the dow-back't *Sops*.  
 Of pittiful *Aristotle* !

*Cho.* Blaze up to the King, say I,  
 Fill the *Cup*,  
 Tope it up,  
 Let it pass, 'tis the vote of the *Commons*,  
 To *Sing*, *Drink* and *Fight*,  
 In the world's despight.  
 That the *Crown* may be *Charles* his, or no mans.

2.

A fig for *Jandunus* !  
 Here's *Sack* that can tune us,

In



In our *mirth*, to a *note* above *Ela*.  
 While the *Round-head Rogues*,  
 Like *Birds* (call'd *Hogs*)  
 In damnable *qualms*,  
 Howle out *Wisdomes psalms*  
 To a *Presbyterian Selah*  
*Cho.* Blaze up, &c..

## S O N G   L V I I .

A Round.

1.

C Ome do not flinch !  
 Quaff it about !

Let not a Wench,

Draw you out,

Of a *Tavern* :

Since we know what our *Company* are,  
 We'll be as *Honest*, and we'll *Drink* as *fair*,

2.

Give us the *Bow'e* !

Fuddle it *all* !

What *Honest* Soul,

Will not call

For a *H'hole* one,

And

And send about a *Mistresses* health,  
If, all refuse it, I'll begin't *my self*.

3.

Here's to the best,  
In *Christendome*!  
Pox send the rest,  
All and some,  
To the *Devil*!

We'll ply the Pots, and the *Wenches* too  
But 't must be, when, w' have *nothing else*, to

4.

I will have *Nan*,  
You shall have *Besse*,  
Do what you can,  
I'll no less,

Do unto *Her*,  
He shall give *Jane*, and *Tom* shall give *Mal*  
A Blow oth' Navel, so have at it all.

---

## S O N G    LVIII.

A Round.

I.

Come Crown, with *pitty*, my *heart*y *Pain*  
Inspire, with *Courage* my *lust*y *Vein*.

An

And when we shall entwine,  
 (Dearest *Valentine*!)  
 I'll spend all in thine,  
*Armes*, again.

2.

And when thou findest, my skill is *such*,  
 That for a *little*, I'll teach thee *much*,  
 My *Hand* shall rovingly,  
 Sooth thee, *movingly*  
 And we'll *Lovingly*  
 Take a *Touch*.

## S O N G L I X. •

A Round.

I.

**L** Et's chase away, mad *Malancholly*!  
 Hange *pinching*!  
 (Spight of *Wenching*!)  
 Curse *States*!  
 Damn *Fates*!

Here's a jolly  
 Cup, to the *Bully*! (round.  
 Tope thy *Liquor*, and see this health go  
 And

And He that swallows a *Beer-bowle*,  
Leaves *Thinking*,  
Minds his *Drinking*,  
And shall,  
Quaff all,  
May that *Dear-soul*,  
Ever be *Cheerful*,  
And his sorrows, as his *soul*, be drown'd  
Then here's to *Mall*, with the *Scallop smock*,  
Let's fancy the time, she all up took,  
And to *Betty-fair*,  
That does it, to a *Hair*,  
Were it a *Mile* to the bottom  
I'de take every jot down,  
And not a spoonfull to *Jone*,  
I Love a hayry *Bush* well,  
But Pox on things like a *Bushell*,  
As for little *Nan*,  
I'll *Touch* her, if I can,  
Or silken sim'pring *Sarah*  
I'me sure she carries good *Ware-a*,  
And I'll *Trade* with her *Anon*.



## S O N G L X.

A Round, at the Request of Sir W. S.

I.

**O**F all things!  
 We call things,  
 For my part, I'de have but one  
 For fair things  
 As Rare things,  
 I do not care a Button:  
 Of all the feeling Gear,  
 That ever I came neer  
 Were it a brown, Red, or Yellow  
 For Prayſes, or ſot Prick,  
 To the principle I'le ſtricke  
 That a Black thing has no fellow.

2.

Girles ith' Dark  
 When they ſtarke,  
 Are naked, as the Truth is;  
 And with care,  
 Trimme their Ware,  
 As ſlippant, as their youth, is,  
 And do the beſt they can  
 To fit themſelves, for Man,  
 I'de have, at laſt, they ſhould well know,  
 The

The cheifest Grace they Lack,  
 If their Tackle be not Black,  
 For a Black thing, &c.

3.

If you'l feel,  
 One Gentle

She's Argent 'bout the Navel  
 When she bears  
 Right her Gears

Her Honour point is sable :  
 The Damo'sels that are Fair  
 But for an out-side are

Th'are rotten e're they are Mellow;  
 But Oh ! The Black ! The Black !  
 'Tis she will hold you tack  
 For a Black thing, &c.

4.

The choice Grace,  
 Of a Face,

By a black Patch, out-set is :  
 The best Stone,  
 Fairest she'wn,

Within a foile of Jet is :  
 If e're it be my Doom,  
 To Cover and to Come,

At the nodding of the Pillow  
 Of all the pleasant Pack,  
 Commend me to the Black ;  
 For a Black thing, &c.

SON

## S O N G L X I.

## A Round.

1.

**M**ine own Dear, Hony, Bird, Chuck !  
 Cone sit thou down by me !  
 And thou and I will Truck  
 For thy Commodity !  
 The weather is Cold and Chilly,  
 And heating will do thee no harme,  
 Then put a hot thing in thy Belly !  
 To keep thy body warm !

2.

Our Land-Lady hath brought us,  
 The best the house affords ;  
 'Tis time to lay about us,  
 Then pry'thee make no words !  
 Now thou art young and tender  
 Although thy —— be rough,  
 Be Fort if thou'lt to me Surrender,  
 The Man it well enough.

3.

And by the', whispering palme's swear,  
 And thine Eyes like Noon,  
 Thy panting breasts (as thy pulse) beat,  
 Thou'lt do it to some Tune !

H

Then

Then Give thy mind to't (my Hony!)  
 Thou shalt have no cause to rue,  
 That ever thou hazard'st thy —————  
 To one othe' Jovial Crew.

---

## S O N G L X I I .

A Round.

I.

**Y**Our *London Wenches* are so Stout,  
 They care not what they Do,  
 They will not let you have a Bout,  
 Under a Crown, or two :  
 They *Dawb* their Chaps, and Curle their L  
 Their *Breaths* perfume they do,  
 They're *Tayles* are pepper'd with the Pock  
 And that you are *wellcome* too.

2.

But give me the *Buxome Country Lads* !  
 Hot-piping, from the Cow,  
 She'll take a *Touch*, upon the Grass,  
 Yea ! Marry ! and thank you too.  
 Her *Colours* fresh as Rose in June,  
 Her *Skin*'s as soft, as Silke,  
 She'll do her *Business* to some Tune  
 And freely spend her Milk.

S O N G L



## SONG LXIII.

A Mock.

I.

Lay that *Sullen* Garland by thee!  
 Keep it forth' *Elizian*, shade!  
 Take my *Wreath* of *Lusty* ivy  
 Not of that faint *Mirtle* made!  
 When I see thy *Soul* descending,  
 To that *cool*, and *fertile* plain,  
 Of sad *Foibles* that lack attending  
 Thou shalt have the *Crown* again,  
 Now drink *Wine*, and know the odds  
 'Twixt that *Lethe*, and the *gods*!

B.

I.

Cast that *Ivy* Garland from thee!  
 Leave it for some *Wilder-Blade*!  
*Venus* wreath would best become thee,  
 Not for *Blasfing* *Bacchus* made:  
 When my high *flown* *Soul's* ascended,  
 To *Love's* bright and warmer *Sphear*,  
 Where with *Chaplets* I'me attended,  
 Thou an *Ivy* Bush shalt wear:  
 Now be *Sober*! and you'll prove!  
*Mortals* *Tipple*, *gods* do *Love*.

2.

Rouse thy dull, and drowfie *Spirits*!  
 See these *Soul Reviving-streams*!  
*Stupid Lovers Brain* inherits

Nought, but vain, and empty *Dreams* :  
 Think not then thy dismal *Trances*  
 With our *Raptures* can contend ;  
 The *Lad* that *Laughs*, and *Sings & Dances*,  
 May come sooner to his End :  
*Sadness* may, some pitty move,  
*Mirth*, and *Courage Ravish Love*.

B.

2.

Wellcome merry *Melancholly*!

Fancying *Beautie's* quickning *Beams* !  
 Boon Companions *Wits*, are folly  
*Sbrunk* in over wetting streams :  
 Think not, then thy *Ranting Humor*,  
 May with *Modesty* contend,  
*Lesser Talkers* often Doe more  
 When they come unto their End :  
*Rudness*, *Easie Girles* may move,  
*Civil Carriage*, *Charms a Love*.

3.

Fye then on that *Cloudy Forehead* !

Ope those *Vein-like* crossed *Armes* !  
 You may as well call back the *bury'd*  
 As raise *Love*, with such dull *Charmes* :

Sacrifice

Sacrifice a *Glass* of *Claret*  
 To each *Letter* of her *Name*;  
 The *gods* have oft descended for it,  
*Mortals* should much more, the same,  
 If *She* come not at that *Flood*  
*Sleep* will come, and that's as *Good*.

B.

3.

*Cloudy* *Browes* do preface *Weeping*;  
 And who would not hear our *Cries*?  
 Who the *Grave*, hath had in *Keeping*,  
 Would to pitty *Love* arise:  
 Offer up a *Yoke* of *Kisses*,  
 To the *Damo'sell* you adore!  
*Jove* for such a *Bliss* as *this* is,  
 Would come, now though ne're before:  
 If *this* way, she can't be had,  
*Drinking* comes, and that's as *Bad*.

## S O N G L X I V .

A Mock.

1.

**F**ear not (my *Genius*) to unfold  
 My silent *Thoughts* by these;  
 Let *Women*, born, to be contrould,  
 Receive them, as they please,  
 Their long *Usurped Monarchy*,  
 Hath made me, hate, their *Tyranny*.

H 3

Trem-

B.

I.

Tremble (*Ill Nature !*) to betray,  
 In idle *Words*, thy *thought*,  
 That *Women*, who, our *Passions*, sway  
 Should be *Contrould*, as *Naught* :  
 Their long continued *Hierarchy*  
 Hath made me *Love*, their *Soveraignty*.

2.

Let *them*, and their *Magnetique Charms*,  
 As *Harbingers* before 'um,  
 Possess themselves of *Cupits Arms*,  
 As *Baytes*, for to *Adore* 'um .  
 I'll ne'er commit *Idolatry*,  
 To *Subjects*, born, as well as *I*.

B.

2.

Let some one, whose detracting *Tounge*  
 Is *Usher*, to his *Witt*,  
 Their *Beauties* and his *Judgement* wronge,  
 Whil'st I, admireing *lit*.  
 It cannot be *Idolatry*,  
 To *Worship*, such *Divinity*.

3.

Their *Diety*, with *them*, must *fade*,  
 It cannot be deny'd,  
 Then since, the *Pretty things*, were made;  
 Out of Old *Adams side* :  
 Lets *Love* *them* still, but know't 'tis thus  
 We'll *Do*t, because *Th'are part of Us*.

And



And let this then, *Suffice the Elves*  
To say, we *Love* them, as our *selves*.

B.

3.

Their *Diety* can ne're *Decay*,  
'Twere *Sin* to say, it should,  
Then since th'are *Forms* not *Cast* in *Clay*  
But of a finer *Mould*:  
We'll *Love* them still, with all our *Hearts*,  
Because, they are our *Better parts*:  
And let this satisfy poor *Men*,  
To purchase thus their *Ribb* agen.

## S O N G L X V.

A Mock.

I:

**N**OW, I confess, I am in *Love*,  
Although I thought, I never should:  
But, 'tis with *one*, dropp'd from *above*,  
Whom *Nature* made, of better *Mould*:  
So *Fair*, so *Good*, so all *Divine*,  
I'de quit the *World*, to make her *Mine*.

B.

1.

I'll ne're, *Confess* yet dare be *hangd*,  
(Although I hope 'twill ne're be so,)

H 4

IF

If the best *Girl*, that ever *Twang'd*  
 Do make me *Buckle*, to her *Bow*:  
 Or *Fair*, or *Foul*, what e're she be,  
 Of all the *World*, she's not for me.

2.

Have you not seen, the *Stars* retreat,  
 When *Sol* salutes our *Hemisphere*,  
 So shrink those *Beauties*, called *Great*,  
 When, sweet *Rosella*, doth appear:  
 Were she, as other *Women*, are,  
 I should not *Love* her, nor *Despair*.

B.

2.

Have you not seen *Ecclipsed Sol*,  
 When spangle *Stars*, supply the *Day*,  
 So shine those *Beauties*, thought but *small*,  
 When *Fair Florella's* gone away  
 But all alike, I must refuse,  
 Nor e're will pick, if I may chuse.

3.

For I could, never, bear a mind,  
 Willing to stoop, to common faces;  
 Nor *Confidence* enough, could find,  
 To aime at one, so full of *Graces*:  
*Fortune*, and *Nature* did *Decree*,  
 No *Woman* should be fit for me.

B.

3.

For I was, ne're, so given to't,  
 With every *Common Lass*, to *Trade*,

Nor

Nor e're had th' *Impudence*, to Do't,  
 With any *Modest* graceful *Maid*.  
 Nor *Fate* nor *Art* could ever move,  
 My *sullen Heart*, to thoughts of *Love*.

## S O N G L X V I.

A Mock.

I. (now be gone!

**B**E gon! Thou *Fatal Fever*! from me,  
 Let *Love* alone!

Let his *Ætherial flames*, possess my *Breast*!  
 The *fires*, of thy consuming *heat*, no ayd  
 But swift *Desires*, (requires,  
 Transport my *passions*, to a *Throne* of *Rest*  
 Where *I*, who in the pride of *health*, could  
 Such *warmth* to move. (never feel,

By *Sickness* tam'd,  
 A'm so *Enflam'd*,

*I* fee'le, noe joy, but *Love*.

And *he*, who trifled many tedious hours  
 My *Love* to trye. (away

In little space,

Hath gain'd the *Grace*,

To have more *power*, then *I*.

Away!

B.

1.

(away

Away! you Greivous Things, call'd Mistresses  
Yeild Sack the Day!

Let her Diviner sparkes, in flame my Frea  
The heat, of whose Enlivening Virtue's fo  
That for the feat, (Compleat

My fancy's carry'd, here to seat it's rest:  
Where I, who in the height of Love, coul  
Such warmth, to stirre. (never, find

By Sack in spird,  
Am, now, so fir'd,

I joy in None, but Her:

And I, who have been Occupy'd, an hour  
A Love, to Winne, (sometimes

In lesser space,  
Have gain'd the Grace,

To care not for't, a Pinne.

2.

Depart! Thou fatal Feaver from me, no  
Think not my Heart (Depart

To thy dull flames, shall be a Sacrifice!  
A Maid (Dread Cupid) now hath on the A

By thee betrayd, (tar laid

A Rich Oblation, to restore thine Eyes:

But yet, my fore acknowledgment, sha  
Thou hast no Craft, (testifi

To bend thy Bow,

Against a Foe,

That aim'd, to catch the shaft;



For did I fear, though at my *Bosome*, all at  
 Such *Darts* did move ; (once,  
 She that receives,  
 A thousand *Sheaves*,  
 She can no more, but *Love*.

B.

2.

F— for all you *Femal Creatures*, now a F—  
 Ne're think my *Heart*,  
 In your *Weak flames*, shall burn a *Sacrifice*,  
 A *Blade* (god *Bacchus*!) here, hath at the  
 Now by thee made, (*Tavern* had  
 A stronger *Fire*, to *Blaze* out his *Eyes* :  
 But yet, my late acknowledgment shall Ju-  
 Thou hast no *Craft*, (stifle,  
 My flames, to *Drown*,  
 When once, high flown,  
 With ne're so great a *Draught* :  
 Nor would I care, though for an *Ocean*, all  
 My *Guts* had space, (at once,  
 He that *Topes* up,  
 The thousandth *Cup*!  
 He can no more but *Blaze*.

3.

No more *Physitians*, let me try your *Brains*!  
 Pray give me o're ! (no more!  
 I have a *Cure*, in *Physick*, never read ;  
 Though you, as skillfull *Doctors*, all the  
 In *Learning* flow, (world do know,  
 You may as well go pra<sup>ct</sup>ice on the *Dead* :  
 But

But, it my *Gerard* daigne, to view me, with  
His *Glorious Lookes*

I make no doubt,

To Live without

*Physitians*, and their *Books*:

'Tis he, who with his balmy *Kisses*, can re  
My latest breath,

What blis is *This*!

To Gaine a *Kiss*,

And save, a *Maid*, from *Death*!

B.

3.

No more; You *Physickt Ladies*! I'le you

But give you o're! *helps implore*

I have a *Cure*, your *Beauties*, ne're did pro

Though you, have saving *Virtues*, Love s

And tell you so, (*Lovers know*

Practice on those, that swear they'le dye fo

(*Love*

But if I view, *Canaries* sparkling *Beauties*,

In a *Glass*,

I Question not

The Going to pott,

'Spight of a *Ladies Face*:

'Tis she, who with her Sugard *Kisses*, ca

My failing *Breath*;

(*preserv*

What blis like *this*,

A *Cnp*, to *Kiss*,

And save, a man from *Death*!

4.

you (*Divine ones* of another world I bow,  
 And will allow,  
 your sacred precepts, if you'll grant me this,  
 that He, whom I adore, ev'n next your  
 May go with me, (Diety,  
 without his presence, there can be no bliss:  
 teach your Tenents, of Eternity, to those,  
 That aged be,  
 do not perswade,  
 Love sick Maid  
 There's any Heaven, but He:  
 stay! methinks an Icy slumber doth  
 My weary'd Brain, (possess  
 may bid him Dye,  
 you think, I  
 shall never Wake again.

B.

4.

(I vow

you (*Divines Beauties* of the World!)  
 will allow,  
 your sacred Titles, if you'll one thing prove!  
 that Sack whom I before you all, my Mi-  
 may not Lacke, (stress make,  
 without her, there can be small sport in  
 (Love  
 read your Lectures, of Sobriety, to those,  
 That Punyes be,  
 do not perswade,  
 Topeing Blade,  
 Touch Drink's in Heaven, as She. But

But stay ! Methinks a giddy whimsey took  
 my warmed *Brain* ; (cat  
 E'ne let me *Dye*,  
 If you think *I*,  
 Shall ne're *Blaze up* again.

## Mock SONG LXVII.

To Dr. *Smith's* Ballad--*Will Women* &

1.

**H**Ave Men there *idle tricks* begun  
 Pox ont ! what means their *court*  
 Shall Poets prate, till *Breath* be gone  
 Yet men still *worse* and *worse* ?  
 Bob *Wisdom's* *Psalms*, are never the near  
 To the *Lad*, that's proud of his *Cod*-  
 Which makes the *Vitious*, fret and sweat  
 And me, to *Bann* and *Curse*.

2.

Once was minded, to be *Dumb*  
 And ne're to make a *Word* ;  
 Although that *Mankind*, all and some  
 Were hang'd who'd care a T— ?



But now my *Tongues* at no *Command*,  
 I cannot hold it, with my *Hand*,  
 As easily, as *Cocks* can stand,  
 My *Reasons R'yme* afford.

3.

And first, I'll violent hands lay on,  
 There *Puffs*, and perfum'd *Ware*;  
 Their *pride*, so with a *powder* shewn,  
 Does go against the *Hair*.

For though, their *Clotbes*, are out at *Elbow*  
 Th' are *Captains*, straight, with their *Blades*  
 (of *Bilboe*,  
 With them *six pence*, and the *devil* in *hell* go!  
 'Twould make one *stamp* and *stare*.

4.

(their *books*

Their down right *thoughts*, ne're mind  
 Th'ave e'ne almost *forgot* 'um;  
 For since *Old Nad*, tell of oth' *hooks*,  
 Mens *Fingers*, ne're itcht less at 'um.  
 And if they can but the *Scriptures* abuse,  
 They *Laugh* (as if they could not chuse,)  
 At *Moses*, *Hopkins*, and *Sternolds Muse*,  
 'Twould make all *Women* hate 'um.

5.

Their *Faces*, are rubb'd in such sort,  
 With pieces, of *brass kettle*;  
 As if they were *Old Dogs* oth' *sport*,  
 And *Mettal* bear, on *Mettal*:

They

They with their *antick Mops*, and *Mowes*,  
 Will *Face* down Truth, how e're the world  
*Lilly* has no such signs as those, (goes,  
 Will times, and things ne're settle?

6.

With these, they are *imboldden'd* so,  
 And look so tow'rdly on 'um,  
 That *Others wives* (forsooth) they'le know,  
 When little thanks they con 'um :  
 And every night they feast their *Cullies*,  
 With *bowle* of sack ne're think it full is,  
 As easily, as *Whores* get *Cullies*,  
 Ne're think what has *undone* 'um.

7.

Oftimes you'd think 'twere all their *Own*  
 They take so much, upon 'um ;  
 When presently, they are struck *Dumb*  
 You'd wonder, what's come on 'um.  
 They are so *sullen*, and *stout* God mend 'um!  
 We *Maides* can never tel *wher'e* to send 'um  
 I would the *Whores* (with a Pox, would end  
 Or *Heaven* keep us from 'um. ('um

8.

Their rude *Demeanour*, is a *scare Crow*,  
 For *Women*, for to fear 'um ;  
 Their bitter *Oaths* do so far go,  
 That surely, I'le beware 'um :

And

And when with many a Jeggam-bobb  
Th'ave got you, into the Pound of Lobb  
They'll leave you, as Bobabill, left Cobb  
The Devil will (once) not spare 'um.

9.

Somtimes, th'are all ith' fire of Love,  
And live, like Salamander,  
And then I with some queans, would prove  
And each of these, a Pauder :  
But (the plain truth, for to illustrate)  
They are such Creatures Women must hate,  
And if their Wills, you can't frustrate,  
They'll bring your Souls, in Danger.

10.

Two Mere maides (once) had got an Eele,  
Whose body th'ad a plot on ;  
Dear love (quoth they) w'are true as steel  
But Geers, they would not Cotten :  
For thinking him sure, as Louse in Bosame,  
He wriggles his Tayl and strait, out goes 'um  
So quickly slipt away, to loose 'um  
Him saw they ne're a jot on.

11.

Or if some men to good be brought  
And purpose, what th'ave spoken ;  
'Tis ten to one, th'ave ne're a groat,  
Then Silver, can't be broken :

I

Who

Who else is *Sped*, is *Matcht* with a *Stalion*  
 He'll have her, soon at the *Lock Italian*,  
 She's *Fool* and *Ass*, and *Tatter-de-mallian*;  
 That *Wedds*, for ne're a *Token*.

12.

The holy *Sisters*, often *pray*,  
 And *Scriptures*, Eke *unfold*,  
 Yet *men*, as though 'twere out oth'way,  
 Ne're *harke*, to what is *told* :  
 You may *speak*, as well, to an *Image* of *dough*,  
 Not one, cares whether, you *Teach*, or no,  
 Their *Hearts* are as *hard*, as *Iron* too,  
 As *tough*, but not so *cold*.

13.

When will (d'ye think) this *Geer* go *trick*  
 And e're, be brought to *good* ?  
 Good faith ! I think 'twill ne're begin:  
 What never ? No ! would it would !  
 They have so many *conceits* and *whimseys*  
 That one may *scribble*, untill he dimn's eye  
 Their *souls* are *black* as *stocks*, of *Chimneyes*  
 'Tis *pitty* by the *Rood* !

14.

Troth ! *Queans* would serve 'um well  
 When (once) to *work* they get 'um :  
 (One finding *Tooles*, and t' other *Stuff*)  
 And they their *Task* to set 'um :

When



Where (*nak't*, as *Truth*, they should work  
 (their fill),  
 And every *Jack*, should have his *Gill*,  
 And lay it on, take't off who's will,  
 Good faith! Who would not let 'um?

15.

(Troopes,

And now w'have brought 'um in by  
 To *Girles* oth' *lewder* sort,  
 We'le keep 'um close, as *Cocks* in *Coops*,  
 For the *Trappanning* sport  
 Nay now, we have 'um within their *Carcase*  
 We'le neither favour *Earl* or *Marquess*,  
 I've made this *staff* too *short*.

16.

Now God a blefs, our *Noble Queen*?  
 Who gives *Examples* many,  
 But *men* (as if they ne're had been)  
 Will not be *ruled* by any :  
 Nay here's the *thing* mortality grieve would  
 That men should go to *Hell*, thick and three  
 (fold  
 To save them, I'de not set foot, o're *threshold*  
 They'le ne're be worth a penny.

## Mock SONG LXVIII, To

I pry'thee don't Fly me, &c.

## 1.

**P**Ox on thee ! get from me,  
This does not become thee,  
I cannot abide,

One *un-frenche*'d,

A Curse on your *Gassers* and *Johns* !  
Your *mopps*, and your *mowes* !

With your half legg'd shell'd Shoes,

Your *Gammers* and *Dames*

With such rustical Names !

And a full mouthed Oath,

As a *Cifre*, to both,

(*Sons*;

You may keep for the *Clownes*, and their  
For *aspiring* (at first) to have been *all as one*

The *Devil's* foot was *Cleft* for a *destin*tion.

## 2.

• *Abatements* *Degrading*,

Are for men of *Trading*,

Who since have forgon

By *Birth*, what's their *own*

And their *souls* are disposed *thereafter*;

What

What pleasures in that  
 To be call'd *God knows what*,  
 Sir, *Richard's of Fame*,  
 Above any *Nick-name*,  
 That sounds halt or lame  
 And is like a *May-game*  
 To provoke all the *hearers*, to *laughte*,  
 He that bears a base *mind*, or *Mechaniquely*  
 (lives  
*Reverts*, his own *Armes*, or a *Batoun* he gives,

3.

I Love those *Contrivements*,  
 Of noble *Atcheivements*,  
 Where *Argent*, and *Or*  
 Prefer men before  
 The *Vulgar*, for *Wisdom* and *breeding*;  
 For why should a *Fool*,  
 The *Wiser*, or'e *Rule*  
 Who's *Lord* of the *Soyle*  
 But *untill'd*, the while,  
 As to *Manners* or *Arts*,  
 Though a *Gyant* in *Parts*  
 And is better worth *hanging*, then *feeding*  
*Clounisme* is *dross*, and *course flesh*, but *rust* is,  
 'Tis common (though *unclean*) to be both  
*Clark* and *Justice*.

4.

For why should we be,  
 Of the *new Paritye*,  
 'Cause there are a few,  
 Of the *Levelling Crew*,  
 Who would have us all *equal & brothers*  
 Such turbulent *Spirits*,  
 May they have their *Demerits*  
 Loose *health, wealth & blood*  
 With their *Countries goods*  
 And be condemn'd fit,  
 To pay, for their *Witt*,  
 And hang out oth' *reach* of all *others*:  
*Fesantry's* base, and who's born to't mult  
 (wear it,  
 But *Honour* is the *Merit* of the *Persons*, that  
 (bear it.

5.

Were I *Prince*, for my part,  
 Let others, go try for't,  
 I'de soberly *Rule*,  
 And *smal ones* befool, (*Drinking*,  
 Who squander their times, out in  
 I'll not *Intoxicate*,  
 With *Canaries*, my *Pate* ;  
 The *Scout*, I'll assure ye,  
 And every *Mercury*,  
 With each book of *News*,  
 I will so far use,  
 To *Furnish Discourse* after *Thinking* : All



All the Name I desire, is a Person of honour  
And he is but a Fool, that relies not upon her.

## Mock SONG LXIX.

*Full Forty times over, &c.*

I.

(that,

**J**ust twenty times over, and twenty to  
I *musing*, have wondred, what 'twas  
(you'd be at,  
Whilst you *pine*, and look *pale*, like your  
(*Liquor* that's flat:

For he's a *cold Drinker*,  
Who now becomes *Thinker*,

Since thus runs the *play*

If you sit up all night, you are *Ready* next

2.

(Day.

There's a *pipe*, lately Broacht, which would  
(not be shut,

With *Legions* of *Bottles* prepar'd, for the *Gut*.

If you *give* but your *minde* to't, you'l swal-  
(low a *Butt*:

**T**hen stand not so *dully*,  
But laver your *Gully*

With *Beer Bowle* in *fist*.

(you list.

If you charge it but *Well* you may *hit* whom

I 4

Some

3. (you fit.  
 Some idle *Companions*, when with them,  
 Will talk and fly high, as if th' had all the  
 (Wit,  
 When (alas!) it appears, th' have the Di-  
 (vel a bit,

Their *bisket Jests* after  
 Th' are steep in their *Laughter*,  
 And pipes, being broke,  
 With *Tobacco* (once) out, they will vanish

4. (ith' *Smoke*.  
 Some stately proud *High Boyes*, do rant it,  
 (and call  
 As if they could *Tipple*, the *Divel* and all;  
 But stand to them *stiffly*, they'le easily fall:  
 Then to't! never fear 'um,  
 Set Foot, and come near 'um

By *Toping* about,  
 Be their *Heads* ne're so empty, they cannot

5. (hold it out,  
 Some *pu'ny's*, whose *Cheeks*, are with *blushes*,  
 (or'e laid:

To fuddle a *Gallon*, will not be affraid,  
 Put them to't, and but tell them, *Tbey*  
 (Drink like a *Maid*.

Then cry but have at it!

Box on them that hate it!

If e're, they refuse.

To *Water*, as thou dost, or I, let them chuse:  
 Mock

## Mock S O N G LXX.

I.

**L**ove is a *Fable*,  
 No *man*, is able,  
 To say 'tis *this*, or 'tis *That* ;  
 And idle *passion*,  
 Of such a *fashion*,  
 'Tis like, I cannot tell *what*.

B.

I.

Love is a *True thing*,  
 It is no *new thing* ;  
 To call'r by good *name*, or *bad* ;  
 A *busi'd Action*,  
 Of such a *faction*,  
 'Tis like, to *make a Man Mad*.

2.

*Fair* in the *Cradle*,  
*Fowle* in the *Sadle*,  
 Always too *cold*, or too *hot*.  
 An arrant *Lyer*,  
 Fedd by *desire*,  
 It is, and yet, it is *not*.

B.

2.

*Fair* in the *Whittle*,  
*Fowle* in the *Spittle*,  
 Always too *moist*, or too *dry* :

A

A very Tell-troth, /  
 Papp't up with Hell Broth,  
 One knows not *wherefore*, nor *why*

3.

Love is a Fellow,  
 Clad all in Yellow,  
 The Canker-worme of minde;  
 A privy *mischif*,  
 And such a fly Theif,  
 No man, knows *where*, him to find.

B.

3.

Love is a Dam'sell,  
 Clad to the Hams well,  
 That wears a *worm*, in the taylor  
 A meer *pick-pocket*  
 Yet, when we *smoke* it,  
 To find it out, we ne're faile.

4.

Love is a wonder  
 'Tis here, and 'tis yonder,  
 'Tis *common*, to all men we know;  
 A very *cheater*,  
 Evere one's better,  
 Then hange *him*, and so let him go:

B.

4.

Love is no wonder,  
 Over or under,  
 'Tis *common*, as pissing a bed;

'Twill



'Twill *Cheat* and *Cozen*  
 Folke by the Dozen  
 'Tis better to *hang*, then be *fed*.

## S O N G LXXI.

A Mock.

1.

(Sin,

**T**O Love thee, without *flattery*, were a  
 Since thou art, all *Inconstancy*, within;  
 My heart, is only govern'd by mine Eyes,  
 The newest object, is the greatest prize:

Then *Love me* just, as I Love thee

Untill a fairer, I can see.

B.

1.

To Love thee, and to *Flatter*, were a Sin;  
 Since thou hast, ever to me, constant been  
 My heart and eyes, are govern'd by thy will,  
 The principle is shee, I'll stick to't still:

Then *Love me* just, and *Love no more*,

But just, as I Lov'd thee before.

2-

My heart, is now at liberty, and can (man  
 Know all that's fair, as you know, all that's  
 Then

Then why should you, so fondly think it  
(strange?)

Since that, I know, thine *Appetite to change*;

Then *Love me*, just, as I *Love thee*,

Untill a *fairer* I can see.

B.

2.

My *heart*, is only *yours*, and can find,

By knowing *thee*, all that is *Woman kind*!

Then why should you (or any) think it *strang*

That I should *like my choice* too wel to *change*

But *Love me*, just and *Love no more*,

*Variety* I do abhore.

3.

I hate this *constant doteing*, on a *Face*,

Content ne're dwelt a *week* in any *place*;

Then why should you, or I *Love* one another

Longer, then *we*, can be *content* together?

Then *Love me*, just as I *Love thee*

Untill a *fairer* I can see.

B.

3.

I like a reall *fondness*, every where, (year:

Where true *Love* dwels, *content*, last all the

Then let us *like*, and *Love* and *live* together

Since, if a part, there's no *content* in either:

Do thou *Love me*, and thou shalt be,

The only *fair* and *fairest she*.

# For Fruition,

In Answer to Sir, John Suckling.

P O x on those *hearts* that singly freeze with  
 I Love two *minds*, that one opinion hold:  
 Were I to bless the better sort of men.  
 I'de wish them *Loving*, to be Lov'd agen.  
 Love *Cormorant-like*, on every pray doth fall:  
 And's hunger starv'd, where there is none at  
 'Tis the *Grand confidence*, & mighty hope, (all  
 Unsheath'd of fear, with winter tears dry'd  
 (up,  
 That *Love*, takes pleasure in; That can be  
 (none,  
 That only dwels, in *Contemplation*:  
 Like drowsie *Dreams* at midnight, when all  
 (day,  
 Our *Bodies* have been weary'd, some strange  
 (way.  
 Oh! how 'twould irke me! sure I madd  
 (should go  
 Did I but hear my *mistress*, twice say no!  
 No thought our *Expectation* screw's so high,  
 But single! *Woman* soon can satisfy.  
 And what *low-spirit*, w'ont aspire, to that,  
 Which

Which may be purchas'd, at so cheap a rate?  
 She's honest, that does yeild although  
 (Poor Fooll.

She be as hot as Summer, warm as Wool;  
 He that hath mist her, has to say, at last,  
 'Ene pray who's will, if I must ever fast,  
 Then (fairest Ladies) use what nature gave  
 Never denying, what we ever, Crave  
 Confirming us that that's not strange at all,  
 Our Fathers did, we do, and Children shall.

## Another for Fruition,

In Answer to Sir, John Suckling.

(be wise!  
**G**O on! Fold Boy! and put her to't  
 Not knowing how to keep lost paradise  
 The wicked plagues thou hast, wouldst ne're  
 (have cease?  
 But reign, at height! and would it not thee  
 (please  
 If, gently from night frights, for real joy,  
 Thou wert awakt? who sleeps, can ne're en-  
 (oy  
 Not



Not to enjoy, is worse, then not to have :  
 And that ne're cloy'd, for w<sup>ch</sup> we stil do crave  
 Who holds himself less happy, by that mean  
 Might hope, with as much reason, to wax lean  
 By feeding to the full; they purchas'd, once,  
 Oh how we relish it! and kiss for th' nonce!

'Tis more then requisite, upon this score  
 The choicest thing that man does, is not more  
 The world is wide; of blessings it is one  
 To Multiply Come! Come! it must be done!  
 As sure as Drink! Each one's oblig'd unto't  
 "He that ne're Occupyes, wil ne're have fruit.

Women enjoy'd (for they are none before)  
 Are like a fine Romance, read o're and o're:  
 Fruitions sprightful, & the play's not known,  
 What 'tis or is not till that act, be done:  
 To save our longing, that a blessing is,  
 "Heaven unknown, is a Fools Paradise.

And as in prospect, where the scrutimous eye  
 Unrandom'd can it self ne're satisfie,  
 And will not be confin'd, so Liberty.

Quickens that pleasure, which restrain'd  
 (would dye

He that hath store to tell must needs be rich,  
 He's only poor, that know's not, which is  
 (which.

Answer

## Answer to Sir, J. S.

I.

**G**ive me (*dear Lad!*) the pure *white & red*  
 When I court *Meaden-bead*,  
 Such even (*unequall'd*) *Grace*,  
 Of *Aires* and other, you *know* *whats* in *face*,  
 Enough to make one *mad!* let me but have  
 A *Beauty*, that will *move*,  
 'Tis all I *crave*;  
*Unbanesome* dulls the *Edge* of *Love*.

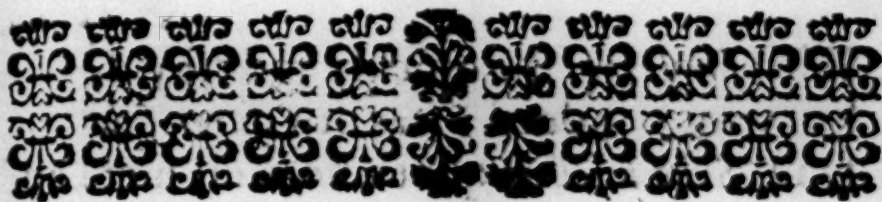
2.

We know there are *such things*, as *foul & fair*  
 They no *impostures* are;  
 For though *some youth* (*of late*)  
 Lik't *certain colour*, at *uncertain rate*,  
 That does not warrant me, from *chusing*  
 If *Black* and *Blew Ivy* (right,  
 With *Red* and *White*  
 That *Fancy*, is meer *Fantasia*.

3.

What boots an *Appetite*, if there's no *meat*,  
 That we can *Love* or *Eat*;  
 But if I view a *Dish*,  
 Well *garnisht*, and set forth, tis as I'de wish  
 As with our *Watches*, where the *insid's* made  
 Perhaps of *Steel* or *Brass*,  
 Our *Value's* laid,  
 Upon the *Gold* or *Silver Case*.

THE



THE

## Adventure

*August, 26. 1645.*

(find)  
**T** Was in that Month (as in old *Writ* I  
 Wherein the *female*, must be serv'd in  
 (kind,  
 And more *precisely*, if the *time* you seek,  
 It was about the very *wast* oth' week,  
 Inclining toward the *Navel* of the day.  
 Ene betwixt *Hawk* & *Buzzard* (as they say)  
 In *Holbourn* hight whence *Grays-Inn* Gate not  
 (far is,  
 Whom should I meet with, but my Friend  
 (*Jack Harris* ?  
 Th' unluckiest wag e're Mothers smock was  
 (wrapt in,  
 ('Twas

K

'Twas that same *Jack*, whose *Christen name*,  
(is *Captain*.)

With *single eye*, he quickly me espy'd,  
For why? indeed I was oth' *surer side*.

Oh! *School-fellow* quoth he, well met! and  
(by *trips*,

I'me sure, we seldome use to part, with  
(dry *Lips*,

So back he comes again, a good luck on ye!

Thou wilt have *drink*, no matter who has  
(*Money*.)

Well! go thy waies! march on! I'll fol-  
(low you,

On toward the *Fair* of *St. Bartholomew*!

But in the rode, near to the *Wall* of *Hatton*,

We happend upon *Woman*. Twas a fat one

And if *Descriptions* may not be distrustful,

She was full-ful ith' *wast*, or very *wastful*.

For persons of her calling, you may ask all,

If amongst *twenty*, you shall find one *Rascal*.

She *ducks* it home, I speak it to her laud,

The *Epithet*, unto her House, was *Baudy*

Where though the *Plying place*, was then in

(*Smith-field*)

Was *Wench* enough as long as back' could

(pith yeild

To hold us *tack*—indeed, of creature comfort

One



One might have had our's *Betty*, full, but-  
 (mum for't!  
 Jack profferd once, but what? quoth he  
 (by G— I,  
 Will make exchange, with thee, *body* for *body*,  
 And I dare swear 't, had been no robbery,  
 'Twas such a *Pockie* piece of *Mobery*.  
 But that which made my *Worship*, laugh  
 (ith' close,  
 She still was hitting *Jack* ith *Teeth*, with's  
 (Nose,  
 And that is much, you'le say, whoe're  
 (shall see'r,  
 To think his *Nose* and *Teeth* should ever-  
 (meet  
 But in as dead a time, as e're was thought on  
 In comes *Su. Cox*, of yore, but now *Su.*  
 (Broughton  
 With Whores as *fast* as *hops* and *thick* as *fly-*  
 (blows,  
 But could not hope for *knocking* here, but--  
 (dry blows.  
 As when our *Tayles* new suckt by *Leech*, are  
 (dry;  
 So are they now, as *Kix*, from *Lechery*  
 For were it upon pain of *mickle* worth,  
 I could not *hint*, much less have *held* it forth.  
 K 2 So,

So, having pawnd our credit, there for  
 (eight pence,  
 We kiss, kind Mrs. *Laws*, and so go straight  
 Indeed it was that *meer necessity*, (thence  
 That has *none* mov'd us to't, I press it t'ye,  
 Because we would not of the *laws* be guilty  
 The *business* was (like *Norton's*) *base & filthy*.  
 So now we bend our *cause* tow'r'd, *Well* of  
 (Clarken

Unlike to *Aristotles*, of you marken  
 Coming through *Lane* of *Mutton street* of  
 (Turnbal  
 Where that *Jone* lives, whose *plackets* rent &  
 (torn all

Above the *Rising* of the *Hill*, there is one  
 The left hand, as you go a *House of prison*  
 Where *Jack* had been, upon a *business*, (is  
 I guess'd by his *wry look*, and that a true sign  
 So passing by *John* of *Hierusalem*,  
 Whom we cal *St* too what e're you cal him  
 To th' *Red-bull-Widow* we were one time  
 (wheelings

Where some folk say, I've had a *fellow-feling*.  
 But let it pass away *Jack Harris* rambles,  
 Down by the place where *lofty Turk* shews  
 (Gambles

Which

Which we had seen too, but for dearth of  
 (six pence,  
 But they, who did, have never seen such  
 (tricks since.  
 Well ! Jack drives on amain, a pox for-  
 (Take him!  
 He made me sweat like grains, to overtake  
 (him  
 I call'd out friend ! look here ! by *Wiccham's*  
 (Crosyer,  
 Here lies a pretty Girle ith' lane of *Hofyer*,  
 Here at a *Barbers House* ; I think it the man,  
 That kept *Queen Madafina* as his *Leman*.  
 I say (quoth Jack) come on ! by *Jove* ! I  
 (score her !  
 So never stops, nor staies, till at *Pye Corner*,  
 Where, in he turn's at *house ye leped Castle*.  
 For worse, full many a *Gyant* oft did *wrasle*  
 Here were the *Beeves*, the *Muttons*, and the  
 (pigs hot  
 A rare *Encounter* for man *Chegan Quixot*.  
 (He was a plaguy *Mutton-man*, *voufavez*,  
 But here's the *Divel* and all for the *sowes Ba-*  
 (byes.)  
 For at this time tis (true, as I do tell ye)  
 You may have *pigs*, and *wenches* by the belly.

Then strait appears, do but observe the  
 (hap, Sir,  
 One *Jack* call'd *Name sake*, there concern'd  
 (as *Tapster*,  
 As good a Lad, as ever handled *spigget*  
 Of powerful *Sack* and *Ale* (he's not for  
 (*Swigger*)  
 To whom our *John* (knowing no money  
 (stirr'd)  
 How doest thou *chuck* (quoth he) my *honey*  
 (bird?  
 Reply'd he (*Capt. Dear*) at all adventures  
 We'le wet our selves together. So *Jack*  
 (enters:  
 And trips up staires, as quick, as come penny,  
 Where we find, what's before good company.  
 Three female idle feaks, who long'd for pig  
 (head  
 (For near this place, there's many a hun-  
 (dr'd lig's dead)  
 Three strapping *Queans*, much like, for  
 (hanch and butterse  
*Toboso's Dul, Mal, Tornes* and *Joan Gutierrez*.  
 One I accosted thus, wilt please you (*Ma*  
 (*dam*)  
 T'accept of *Gloves*, for *Fairings* (would you  
 (had 'um!)  
 But



But quoth the *Man of Ale*, what ist d'ye  
 (lack ho!  
 Some *Canns* (cryes *Jack*) an ounce oth' best  
 (*Tobacco*,  
 Which we suckt off, until our *colours*, rose  
 (high,  
 And knockt in *peales*, like to the *Bells* of *Osney*  
*Drink* and more *Drink*, still as for *Gold*, cry'd  
 (*Midas*,  
 Let's *drink* out *Thursday*, ne're take care for  
 (*Fridays*!  
 When up there comes two *Demy Lads* oth'  
 (*catling*,  
 Whom I rebuk't (quoth *Jack*) *Hall*! hold  
 your *pratling*!  
 But oh! 'twas such a *charming* dose of *Musick*,  
 Would cure the *Tarrantula* were you sick,  
 Like to a *Coffin*, strung with guts of *screech*  
 (*Owle*,  
 And sung, as when sometimes y'have heard  
 (*a Bich howle*  
*Comparison*, I know, no fitter one,  
 Then your hoars *Whooping* in a *Keed* of *Bit-*  
 (*teran*,  
 And made more *Mouths*, in quarter of an  
 (*hour*,  
 Then ever *God Almighty* did four.

Their *Trebles* (too) were both *High base*, be-  
(side one

Oth' sticks, was like to *that* the *Divel* rides  
(on.

But up they strike (and so does *Jack*) a plain  
(Dance :

That *Cratchet*, ne're comes into's head, oth'  
(Main-chance.

But he is rare for *Friscols* nay what's worse  
He treads a *measure*, like a *Millers Horse*.

But in the *Close* of all, I beckoning,  
Unto him, said how goes the *Reckoning* ?  
How shal this *Nag* be *curry'd*? tis a short one  
And soon enough (quoth *He*) you *Fidlers*!  
(sport on:

Play off your *Canns* (you *Rogues*) your *Case*  
(I'll warrant,  
If *Fidle's* good-- indeed, *Jack*, had a care  
(on't.

For why! when *Head* was light as *Cork*, or  
(Feather,

And they had been, some *thrice* by th' *Eares*  
(together

And were as *drunk* as ere, were *Sowes* of  
(David!

(For while there's any *Liquor* moves they'l  
(have it)

And

And busi'd were 'bove stairs, with bonny Bess  
H'had left them *Fidle* (yea and money *less*.)

*Jack* urg'd me to't, I made not any word,  
Disliking *Bardolph's* Edge of penny Cord,

And vile *reproach* : for had there tryal been

'Twould grieve one, *suffer*, for a *Vyalin*

And (*Oxford* Organist, like *Meredeth*)

Live merry life and dye a merry death.

But 'twould not fadge-- *Jack* calling then

(his name *sake*)

Did suffer what I could not do, for shame

(*sake*)

He did but *proffer*, in his Ear to *Whisper*,

To know how the *Case* stood, *aut par, aut*

(*dispair*,

But fancying (as it seems) *Jacks* way of

(*payment*,

Cryes *Wellcome Gentlemen!* ne're friz'd on

(*Royment*.

I proud it was no worse, as erst with Por-

(*dage*)

Rejoyc't at heart to be excus'd oth' *Mort-*

(*gage*,

But *clear* of that (as after *calm* comes *Tem-*

(*pest!*

Ensures Sir *Henryes* woe, where you have

(him drest

In

In a *sweet prickle* sweeter sure, was never  
 (heard  
 Lest when at *Divil, Iteby*-- pawn'd *Everard*.  
 Or else, that morn, at *sign of Oxford, Beaton*  
 For two and ten pence (faith ! that was a  
 (n at one.)

Well! from the *Castle*, 'as before I told ye)  
 We went to th' *sign*, of (what the *Divel*  
 (would ye ?)

'Twas (as I take it) to the *sign* oth' *White*  
 (*Hart*,  
 Or *Sign* that he was *Drunk*, for then he's  
 (right for't :

But thither 'twas we went, where *God* shall  
 (sa'me)

I thought the *Drawers*, or the *Divil*, would  
 (ha'me,

For honest *Jack* had call'd, for *Drink* and  
 (more *Drink*,

Then goes for *money* (which *trick* some but  
 (poor think)

But you may hope, as quick return, from  
 (*Phlegeton*,

As from *Jack Harris*, if once he be gone.  
 And is he gone ? the *Divel* go with *him* ! I

(swear,  
 I felt him going, whilest he stayed there

For



For *Jack* (although he seldome goes to  
(*Church*)

Ne're comes to *Tavern* but he leaves ith'  
(*lurch*.

VVith *Quart* of *Sack* into a *Box* the wedge  
(*me,*

VVhere who (the *Divel!*) did they think  
(should pledge me?

Th' old *Souldier's* safe enough, and e'en as  
(well is,

As heart, could wish, ith' *smoke* with *Peter*  
(*Ellis,*

Or else good man (though I) being now  
(past hope,

He's bayling *Richardson*, or *Boyling Sope*.

Then fancy'd I *Jack's* way of pay, by *whisper*,  
The *marke* was fair enouhg, but faith! I

(mist her.

The *Mistrifs* liking no such trick in ten,

Would hear no more, then did *Brickenden*  
His *Fathers Lectiures*--matter sure not much

(is,

P'le e'ne adventure, to escape your clutches,  
When going, fairly off, in mine opinion;

(Drunk as the *driven-snow* or *Leek* or *Onyon*)

A fellow, tall of hand and foul of Finger,

*Hardy* of Toe (indeed he was a *Swinger*)

Begin

Begins to fall to's *work*, aboard he claps me,  
 (Or rather under *board*) whate're behaps  
 (me,  
 I must *Endure*, flings me, from *Post* to *Pillar*,  
 In troth I bore that time, like any *Thiller*.

Then did he quit me, in *length*, thirteen  
 (paces,  
 Takes up agen,) A pox'on such *Embraces* !  
 Hold thy *dead doing hand* (quoth I) set Iron  
 (side,  
 But harder he, then was that *Iron-side*  
 Who manag'd *Corbett*, while yet liv'd my  
 (Grand Sir  
 Had no *remorse*, was like the *Country Answer*  
 To *what's Clock* ! Iron Steel and brass upon't.  
 H'had made a *puny*, of *Gines Passamont*  
 (My *story*, sure may pass, ith' rank, of woe  
*Yanguesian Carriers* ! ne're us'd *Sancho* so.

He *Chucks* me, too and fro, like *Doit* or  
 (*farthing*,  
 But could not get a *penny*, by the bargain.  
 Until there came to me, as best became  
 (her,  
 One of a great *House*, was Sir, name to *Cham-*  
 (ber  
 With *Mony*, thick and thick, without am-  
 (bages)  
 It was the gross *Remainder* of her *Wages*.  
 Some

Some seven whole Groats, and half reserv'd  
 (sans mockings)  
 Out of her vast revenews to buy-stockings.  
 Which she did drop, peice-meal, since with  
 (her'twas hard  
 And gave, by fits and girds as some get Ba-  
 (stard,  
 Or Divel Hors colts : finding her hard-  
 (hearted,  
 We like a fool and's money, were soon parted  
 And with dry thanks, to my redreemest Betty  
 I e'd go home, and there's an end - that's  
 (pity!

## Marston, Ale-house;

April, 13<sup>th</sup> 1648.

(been there  
**I** And two friends of mine; who ne're had  
 Did take a walk to Marston, after dinner.  
 And here's the truth (whatever praters say)  
 'Twas of all dayes, upon a Saturday.  
 And (if I do not much mistake the Chorus)  
 Pembroke his Exit had the day before us.

But

But w' had no Vollet when we went hence  
 To send us packing with a Vengeance  
 But fair and softly, out oth' East-port,  
 We march a long. But here's the last sport.  
 One of us three, whether he be sick,  
 I can't tell well, but he took Physick,  
 And in a word (for nothing twere I)  
 It was a Mornings draught of Scurvy  
 (Or else Sage) Ale (for you may ha' both)  
 And now t' had broke the Jewish-Sabbath,  
 And Workt like mad, As for a Privy,  
 There was none, but where th' Ox in Livy.  
 Might do his business ——— It no scott is,  
 He needed much a House of Office.  
 As for a Bush, he could not chuse one,  
 Or any Ditch, but Madge or Susan  
 Had seen him do his need (for heark it pray)  
 Those passages are full, each market day)  
 At length he spy'es a Hedge, and we must  
 (line't.  
 He had no stool, but oft untrussed a point.  
 With that one cry'd slid I could spurn ye  
 (friend,  
 When think'ft we shall come to our jour-  
 (ney's end—

Hold



Hold / time enough says he- Indeed 'twas

(Scarce one  
(I think) o'lt' Clock, but we arriv'd, at

(Marston.

Where when we came (to tell the manner

(fully)

We went up toward the House, of the Ruff

(Cully:

Which, being near the Church, (as is my Cu-

(Home)

rust for th' Wat'ring house, thinking there

(must some

be sold in' Town well knowing 'twas to

(Gallows

not so proper; as near Church, an Ale-house

but faith! here's none: at last, a good luck

(on ye)

They shew us where we may have Ale for

(Money)

Then longer there to stay 'twas folly to,

In strait we trade to th' House of Drury,

For so mine Host was nam'd, whose sign was

(little,

Of none at all, only Children Whittle.

But w' had no *Vollyet* when we went hence  
 To send us *packing* with a *Vengeance*.  
 But *fair* and *softly*, out oth' *East-port*,  
 We march a long. But here's the best sport.  
 One of us *three*, whether he be *sick*,  
 I can't tell *well*, but he took *Physick*;  
 And in a *word* (for nothing *swerve* I)  
 It was a *Mornings draught* of *Scurvy*  
 (Or *else Sage*) *Ale* (for you may ha' both)  
 And now t' had broke the *Jewish-Sabboth*,  
 And *Workt* like *mad*, As for a *Privy*,  
 There was *none*, but where th' *Ox* in *Livy*.  
 Might *do* his *business* ——— It no *scoff* is,  
 He *needed* much a *House of Office*.  
 As for a *Bush*, he could not chuse *one*,  
 Or any *Ditch*, but *Madge* or *Susan*  
 Had seen him *do* his *need* (for heark it pray)  
 Those *passages* are *full*, each market day)  
 At length he spies a *Hedge*, and we must  
 (line'e.  
 He had no *stool*, but oft *untrussed* a *point*.  
 With that one cry'd *slid* I could spurn ye  
 (friend)  
 When think'st we shall come to our jour-  
 (ney's end--

Hold !

Hold ! time enough says he- Indeed 'twas  
(scarce one  
(I think) oth' Clock, but we arriv'd, at  
(Marston.  
Where when we came (to tell the manner  
(fully)  
We went up toward the *House*, of the *Ruff*  
(Cully:  
Which, being near the *Church*, (as is my *Cu-*  
(stone)  
I askt for th' *Wat'ring-house*, thinking there  
(must some  
Be sold ith' *Town* well knowing *Thief* to  
(Gallows  
Is not so *proper* ; as near *Church*, an *Ale-house*  
But faith ! here's none ! at last, a good luck  
(on ye !  
They shew us where we may have *Ale* for  
(Money :  
Then longer there to stay 'twas folly for,  
So strait we trade to th' *House of Oliver*,  
For so mine *Host* was nam'd, whose sign was  
(little,  
Of none at all, only *Childrens Whistle*.

And

And *Pissing Clouts* of all sorts, there were in  
 (place,  
 And eke the *Mother's Waistcoat* with a green-  
 (lace,  
 And the old *Eyes Breeches* too, which were  
 (not *lovely*  
 For they were right true blue (by th' *Mals*  
 ('twas *Coventry*)  
 The *Diuel* had been here, for (I'll be sworn)  
 What e're the *Cry* and *Wool* was, th' *Hoggs*  
 (were *shorn*,  
 But coming near the *Doore*, the *Child* be-  
 (speeches *One*,  
 Having bewray'd himself, to help is breeches on  
 When strait (a fight which one much flou-  
 (ter fears)  
 In comes mine *Hostess* with hair 'bout her  
 (Eares.  
 For (truth to stain) the cause, of this her  
 (frowning,  
 Was at her *Neighbours house* sh' had been a  
 (Low sing.  
 But in good time she came (as it did fall out)  
 And having farm'd his *Linings* clapt on  
 (*Tayl-clout*,

She



She prayes us draw near *house*, we tripping  
 (than,  
 Close after found oth' *Board*, a *dripping-pan*.  
 But heark ye, *friends*! 'tis well, if they a  
 (crust eat,  
 The *dripping-pan*, was no such sign of *Roast-*  
 (meat.  
 For I believe (tis worth your listening.)  
 Spit ne're went *there* since *Nanties* *Christning*,  
 But now 'twas us'd (with *Comb*, halter'd with  
 (pack thread,)  
 To fetch the *Nits* out of *young Alces* black-  
 (head.  
 Well having ta'ne away the *spoons* & *platter*,  
 We sat *us down* (to make short of the matter)  
 Where ten to one, but that a *body* shall  
 Meet, with the *stories* of the *Prodigall*.  
 I mean ith' *ball* but you may call't a *kitchen*  
 For it was all *their Room*! when comes the  
 (*Witch* in,  
 Ugly as *Pluto's dam*, whom strait we cal to's  
 To shew a *Room*-- she lead us through the  
 (*Malt-house*  
 Thence to the *Hay-born*, but (I can't tell  
 (how then)  
 At length, we *crowded* are, into the *Cow-pen*.  
 L Which

Which being *unthatcht*, the busie *Sun*, would  
 (scarce let's  
 Stay long, but thence, to th' *Garden*, sown  
 (with harblers  
 We drive away where, by chance, at a  
 (Barns end  
 (Whither for many years *God* did no *Corn*  
 (send.)  
 We found a *shady* place, where, like to fine  
 (fooles  
 One on the *Grass* late down, and two, on  
 (Joynt-stooles  
 And for a *Table*, where to set the *Water*;  
 She brings the *Washingblock*- the legs came  
 (after  
 Then like to *Mother Gubbins* mode in *Chauce*  
 Sends out the *Flagon* coverd with a *Saucer*  
 And was (indeed) well fill'd (to th' brink  
 (e'ne up)  
 Hostess (sayes one) go fetch a *Drinking-cup*  
 Which spying aske, let's see! what pot d'ye  
 (carry  
 What's in it! *Medicines* from the *Apothecary*  
 One swore it was, the others said sure 't  
 (not  
 But furr'd it was, like old wifes *Earthen piss-pot*  
 The

The Ale, which sets *one*, soon one's wits on  
 (side  
 Was brew'd (indeed) for th' Bumps. at  
 (Whitfontide.  
 Or Fryday night, 'gainst Sunday, thinking  
 (then some,  
 Would come and sting their Noses, after En'-  
 (som.  
 And was as muddy, to our senses outward,  
 As is a standing pool, whose cream is, Cowturd.  
 Well ! here's to th' King ? all knowing then  
 (it down must,  
 One for a Gully-soaker, cal's a brown crust !  
 But oh ! how brown it was good faith ! I  
 (can't se't !  
 Hopkins affliction bread to this, was Manchet,  
 And was as sower, to the tast, I swear,  
 As if all Israels Leven had been there,  
 When they were feeding, on their Eastere  
 (Vittle.  
 They ne're markt, what St. Paul sayes of a  
 (Little.  
 But this I'll say (which not the least dis-  
 (grace is)  
 P'me sure it made us make ill favour'd faces :

I pr'y the shew me friend (if e're thou see'st  
(one)

That looks but half so *sower* as did *H. Beeston*  
Now having done, and all things t'ane

(away,  
We call mine *Hostess*, ask her *what's to pay*;  
A *Groat* (quoth she) for which we give her  
(six pence.

Then she beseeches us to come, some weeks  
(thence,

And none should be more *welcome* : urges  
(reason,

Sayes *Beans* and *Harslets*, then would be in  
(season,

But if I come where I'de not wish with *Pug*  
(Jipp

I'll give you leave, to *Kiss* my *Tayl*, with  
(Dog-whipp

Hence, this shall bear part, in my *Letanie*,  
From *Marston Ale-House*, Lord deliver me !

T



## To W. M. Esq;

*I being in a Course of Physick and  
newly recoverd of a Squinancy,  
February, 1659.*

FOR Burr of Ear, and Burr in Throat,  
Tis better with me, then ith' Moat-  
Ed-Chamber, when for fear of Squincy.  
Toung was worm'd, and Woolfie Lincy,  
Hooded Head like Hawke with Muzzle,  
(A Sight, would put one, to the Puzzle)  
Not unlike Ben. Johnsons Morose,  
That was wrapt and wrapt before us.  
Those thousand things (if I could speak'um  
As Hampshire-hony, Album Gracum,  
Black Wooll, with Drop of Aqua-vita,  
Ears of Jew (a Dose would fright ye)  
For the Vunla, the seeds of Cummin  
With Roasted Egg and Dog's T-- some in.  
All these are laid aside, but worse!  
I've Medicines, now, for any Horse.  
Potions and Vomits, with a Glyster,  
Bolus and Mass of Pills, for Mister

*Bold*, diseas'd with *St ne oth' Kidney*,  
 Or *Bladder* (not like *Kester Sidney*  
 Who was wont, with knitting *Needle*  
 'Ere he piss'd, with *Tool* to meddle  
 To make passage, for his *Urine.*)  
 No! I am *sound*, as *Roach*: but curing,  
 Mongst other *Griefs*, (for nothing swerve I)  
 The *Downright Dropsie*, and the *Scurvey*,  
 For I am not, so full of *Mocks*,  
 Or *Riches*, to nick name the *Pocks*,  
 Or see the *searchers*, of the *City*,  
 To cry, when I am *Dead*-- *Tis pitty.*  
 This man e'ne pin'd away with *Grief*,  
 He's e'ne *Consum'd* to nought-- in breif,  
 Let him make *One* amongst this *Weeks*  
*Account*-- *Consumption* - *Eighty six.*

But heark you *Friend*, though I am still,  
 At *Death's Door*, will I fear none ill,  
 And therefore, send this, as a warning,  
 To tell you, I will come ith' morning,  
 And *Drink* your *Health*, however fare I,  
 Till then, and ever;

Your,

*Bold Harry.*

## A Journey from Oxon, 1656.

HALL,)

When I lately came from Oxford, (bord  
 Unlike that *Lad*, that under knocks  
 When he does cry-- *White-- I Love thee*,  
 For, friend ! I think you can't disprove me  
 I never yet, was known to *flinch*,  
 From any *Moysture*, (less from *Wench*)  
 But being now, with foot in stirrup,  
 To take my leave, oth' *City Syrup*.  
 (E'ne at the Sign of *Babe and Eagle*,  
 Hight *Billy shawes*) they did inveagle  
 Mine easie *Swallow*, to a full *Can*,  
 (Whereat some think, I shrewdly pul can)  
 Though *waies* (I wot) were ne're more *dirty*,  
 In all my years (and they are *thirty*)  
 I was resolved (hap what hap will)  
 Upon the fourteenth day of *April*,  
 To take my *Journey*, toward *London*,  
 So spirr'd my *Mare*, & straight she run'd on.  
 But what said *slipper*, to his *Bitch*,  
 Soft *swift* ! for neither *Spurr*, nor *switch*,  
 Could ever make her mend her *pice*,  
 She was no *kin*, to those, oth' *race*.

L 4

But

But *fair* and *softly* (thou know'st) far goes,  
 For all our *hasty* and so my *Mare* does.  
 Step *stately*, e're she trespass *Shotover*,  
 I once thought I should ne're have got over  
 But being near arriv'd at *Wheatly*,  
 (Believe't or not, I care not greatly)  
 My *Palfrey* (Hall) that then I rod on,  
 Mov'd, as at heel, sh'ad had a *todd* on:  
 And while *Indentures*, here she's drawing,  
 Like one that *humming* stands, and *hawing*,  
 When she was e'ne gon past *recover*  
 As though she would *assign* me over.  
 To *Mother Earth*, just, in the nick on't,  
 (For *London Hackneyes* have the trick on't)  
 Behold a *wight*, with *Jade* e'ne tyr'd!  
 Like *Duck*, or worried *Cat*! bemyr'd!  
 Whom after *turmoyle*, that would toyle  
 I found to be, a *City Oyl-man*; (man)  
 Whom others some, do tearm a *Salster*,  
 Supposed son, of *Oxford Maltster*,  
 but by his *Look*, seem'd half a *Scholler*:  
 (And faith! he prov'd a pretty *Droller*!)  
 Who having his sad tale recounted,  
 Took horse, (I do not say he *mounted*)  
 For why? (I've seen a *Tinkers Mastiff*  
 With *Budgett* on; to travel as stiff)



As did this *Tit*, less *high*, then some *Ass*,  
 Nor yet that *Tit*, that's Christen'd *Thomas*.  
 But of that *race*, that is so *Brittish*,  
 And *Gentle* too, poor thing! not *Skittish*.  
 Whose *Height*, we reckon not by th' *hand*,  
 But by the *inch*, ('tis quickly scan'd.)  
 To curry's *coat*, would not much wrong *one*,  
 'Twould soon be done, he's not a *long* one.  
 Yet with this *Iade*, whose Sirnam's *spittle*,  
 We came, by *little*, and by *little*.  
 (And that goes far, to th' *Inn* at *Tetsworth*,  
 Whence (Friend I'll tell thee (he that sets  
 With *Palfrey*, that is but indifferent, (forth  
 (But his (I think) the worst. that ever went)  
 E're he shall elymbe the *Hill* of *Stoken--*  
 I cannot say to's *praise* be't *spoken*  
 But to my *Greef* (I'll tell thee no lye,  
 For if I should, 'twere but a folly)  
 'Twould anger *one*, that's more then *stoick*,  
 And make him *swear* (perhaps *curse*) so thik  
 Though it did half provoke, my *laughter*,  
 To see the *Beast* draw hind *Legs* after  
 (As we did once, at *Marston*, view,  
 When after *Table*, *Legs* they drew.)  
 But up we got with much a do,  
 When loe! his *Jade* had dropt a *Shoe*.

But

(heel

But Shoe! what's that! worse luck! his Boot  
 Was torn away, then thought I's foot he'll  
*Run*(if he could)*Stark* mad, but 't wo'nt do  
 He wanted *Heel*, and *Palfrey Shoe*,  
 And now my *seve* was full with *Laughter*,  
 He drives on *beast*, *himself* drives after.  
 'T had joy'd thee (*Hall*) as *Babe* doth *nipple*,  
 'T have seen the *Lame*, halt, 'fore the *Cripple*.  
 But all was well, when come to *Stoken*  
*Church*, in the next verse, or I'me broken.  
 Whence going off, who doest think over  
 Took us, but *one* clep'd, *Western Drouer*?  
 Not he, who furnisht out, ith' *Leaguer*,  
 Sir *William Davenant's*, *Pert*, and *Meager*.  
 I speak't not favour for, nor *Malice*,  
 He's *Christen'd John*, Sir named *Wallice*.  
 Not he, whom *Gill* did notch, like *Tallies*  
 Nor *he*, who when he was *beside*.  
 Ith' *Straw of Bed*, cry'd out, I'me *wide*.  
 Nor *be* that drew out *T--* so *Stayward*,  
 Though *like*, as *Robbin*, to blind *Bayard*.  
 And half his *Country-men*, a *Jockie*  
 And plaugy *Rogue*, at *Whore* so *Pockie*;  
 For why? Quoth *he*, in every *Town*,  
 Upon the *Rode*, for half a *Crown*.

I'me

I me furnisht out, with trim Baggages,  
(And who sets work, must pay the wages)  
Nay ! he would undertake for five pound,  
From *mount*, to th' *peer*, the *wives*, to S-round  
But now, w' are come to *Town* with Church  
Where *Vick* is often left, it h' lurch,  
For why ! the *Crew*, of *Country fellows*,  
Would hardly climbe that *hill* for *Ale-house*  
Much less, for *Even-song*, or *Mattens*,  
They ne're pleas'd *Higb-shoe* yet, ne *Pattens*  
(For *Sickness green*, or for the *Pthifick*  
They needed had, none other *Physick*.)

Now (truth to saie, for lies I can't forge)  
Whad mighty *Ale*, at sign oth' *St. George*,  
Th'ast seen the *Apes* of *Cherry lickum*,  
So drunk I made the *Wights*, at *Wiccbam*.  
Where like *Alvarez*, in *Lluellen*,  
(I fear, I shall not bring it well in)  
Penny in pouch I gave to *Begar*,  
Whose Coat ne're *Blazon'd* was by *Segar*,  
'Twas *Verrey*, of a thousand pieces.  
Or like to *Josephs*, who e're sees his,  
And for this slender *Ragg* of *Monie*,  
His *Motto* was a goodluck on ye !  
But did not after, throw old *Shoon*,  
For why ? I trow the man had none.

So

So on we ride, as mortal reckon,  
 Some seven miles more, to Town of Becons-  
 Field, where Horses up being put, \* Host of the  
 I went to rove, the rest to \* Rut. Clown,  
 But knowing Wife, was Coacht by Jasper,  
 I made return to th' Inn, ith' Vesper:  
 Where was the Drolling Dr Wilson,  
 (Whose jest with mirth and laughter fills one)  
 With Schollers three, and Towns-man Zouch  
 Who, while we drank, did sleep on Couch.  
 But Sucking well, and keeping coyle,  
 In Drover comes, and man of Oyl,  
 Their Brains, with Mutton broth, half-setled  
 (For Wiccham-Ale, them shrewdly netled.)  
 At whom we laugh till after mid-night,  
 When us to Kennel, Drawers did light.

But they, being drinkers, but for need,  
 And not for Custome, mark their speed!  
 They were as sick, as Dogs, next morning  
 As who would take it, for a warning.  
 With that I take mine Host to task,  
 March to the Celiar, breach a Cask.  
 Where, Vessel large I bid them fill't,  
 Till Young, and Liquor ran at tilt  
 Then does he, r commend his Tapster,  
 (Who was his Eldest Son, by hap Sir.)

Unto



Unto me for a *man of Learning*,  
 Indeed, 'twas beyond my *Discerning*,  
 But I was to *believe* 't, the rather,  
 Because his *Tutor*, was his *Father*:  
 And they were so alike (*God* bless 'em!  
 For *schollership* (I speak to please 'em!)  
*Ut Canibus catuli*--Lad! (to try ye.)  
 Go on (quoth I) with your *Qui mihi*--  
 But he would ha't *hec ades*, though  
 I cry'd, 'twas *then, huc animo*.  
 Then 'bout we *drink* (for I would ha't in)  
 Till not two words of (but *all*) *Latin*, (ne're  
 Was spoke ith' *Room*: *mine Host* could talk  
 A word of *English*, like the *Falkner*.  
 Oth' *Marquess*, but next *drawing deep*  
 Put him to *silence*, and to *sleep*.

Well! *Parents head*, being laid full *low*,  
 Ith' *Cellars bottom*, on I go  
 To th' *son*, and he goes on to the *Tap*,  
 Then begs, that I would *verses cap*.  
 But one great *Bowle* and murther'ring X  
 Did so his *Pericranium Vex*,  
 That down, he fell on *Father*, *Captus*  
*Æbri tate, minus Aptus*  
 (As I thought) for to bring't about  
 When *sober*, since if there, 'twould out.

Like

Like *Hawk* he casts, and there lyes *Texing*,  
 But not a *sylable* of *X ing*.  
 Where in this *pickle* (*Precious Nose-gayes*!)  
 I lodg'd 'um, like the sign oth' *Cross-Keyes*.  
 And taking *Horse*, from thence I packt on,  
 Nor stopt, nor stayd till come to *Acton*.  
 From thence, I posted strait to *London*,  
 And thither got before the *Sun* down,  
 Where lighting, at the *Bore* so *blew*,  
 With *Cod* so yellow, soon I threw  
 My willing body, to the *Devil*--  
 Where *Wine* being good, and *Drawer* civil.  
 I fixt my self with *Quart* and *Friend*,  
 To *Drink* thy *Health*, and there's an End.

## An Allusion to Doctor *Lluellin's Shon Price.*

*Occasion'd by some Schollers beating the Souldiers, Nov. 6. 1646.*  
*Oxon.*

*Jack,*

I Had wrote before, but's best, as 'twas,  
 For Ugly *Cromwell*--- Let that pass!

Thou

(went in Hell,  
 Thou know'st, one dar'd, as well, t'have  
 As for to pass, the Souldiers *Centinell*,  
 No Letter, now (I'll hold a styver)  
 Goes without *Bristol* or *Calyver*. (on beel,  
 And though surpriz'd th'are us'd, like sole  
 May be *exchang'd*, for a *Broom-man* *Colonell*.  
 But mine *once snapt* (as 'tis hap hazard)  
 Is *prizon'd*. - 'slid they'll slit her *Mazard*!

(odd in,  
 And faith! thou know'st, 'twould come but  
 To tear the sheets of *Joseph Goodin*.

But now it comes (pry'thee be more sweet  
 And stay here *Jack*, and wipe thy forehead.)  
 Now if belief, where faith and love is,  
 I've fed on nothing, but *Anchoves*.

And sirrah *Jack*! I think no body puts  
 In's belly better, then at *Body cuts*: (water,  
 Come friend, 'twould make your *Pallat*  
 To dine on these, with sallat after,  
 I would the *King* (but Pox why wish I one)  
 Would give such *Topers* a *Commission*,  
 A *Friend* of yours, I'll hold a wager,  
 Would not be long, from being *Major*.  
 But yet (methinks) my Guts be lank yte,  
 I long for such another *Banquet*.

Our

Our Food was sweet (beleive you that too)  
 But sower sance came with the Tattoo.  
 And yet the Rogues (if I may speak one thing)  
 (koning,  
 Can't boast them Scot free, from our Kec-  
 Faith! I'de consent (if they would tarry)  
 That they should rent the Ordinary  
 We paid 'um well (yes ready down)  
 For every Pint, a good crackt Crown:  
 And (e're a Baker could have bolted)  
 The Pottle-pot, was 'bout their Jolt-head:  
 As for the Quart (e're we could end it)  
 One at the Captains head did send it.  
 Oth' Chamber-floor (howe're disgusted)  
 The Blood lay, thicker then the Dust did,  
 And now I think on't (Jack) my muse is  
 About to tell what more the news is. (ho  
 The youth oth' guard (but smal friends) list  
 Came not to suck the Milk of Bristo'  
 But oh! his scarf, his scarf! God blefs us.  
 'Twas neither Red, nor Blew by J---  
 But such (although we car'd not for't all)  
 As oft hath frighted Bumpkin mortall.  
 View all the Colours, of Dame Iris,  
 View Pedlars Pack, what that same tyre is



And if there be an odd piece, joyn't  
 See *Shoe-strings*, or see *Cod-piece* point;  
 Lay, this *Pedlar*, nor that *Rain-bow*,  
 Did nere such *Colour*, dy'd in *grain*, show.  
 Twas *Orange Tawny* (*Jack*) *yellow* as *saffern*,  
 As who should say, no *colour* for a *Tavern*  
 (done,  
 And this must fright us sure we are all un-  
 (London,  
 As Mortal fear'd, when *Bul-Calf* came from  
 Colt on,  
 Or else when *Gronwel*, riding *Dun Mare's*  
 Display'd his *Tawny Colours*, with ——  
 (we cry all,  
 Well! *something* comes to *Dore*, with that,  
*Curtis*! Lay *Kester* down! unstring the *Viall*!  
 (Matches,  
 One bids the *guard* give *fire*, then *blow* their  
 (Sung Catches;  
 Which we ne're thought to meet while we  
 (would tire one)  
 After some pause, (for this thou know'st  
 He draws his *Pistol* out, his huge *Cold-iron*.  
 (crimes,  
 You *Rogues* (said he) I will revenge these  
 (Grimes:  
 And For I am sent from th' *Guard* by *Good Man*  
 M Yours

Your Countenances shall look dally,  
 For want of Sack, to wash your Gully,  
 Your Carcases (without all Scoffin,)  
 Shall with a Sack. But for their Coffin;  
 From your Anchores I'll you wean thus,  
 (Which fit you, for the Sports of Venus)  
 Your Oysters bought (I make no quarrel)  
 Sometimes it's (Peck, sometimes it's Barrel)  
 I'll send, to those well-minded Sisters,  
 That want provokers, more then Clysters.

(cha)  
 Then'shal be said ('tis worth two shilling)  
 They are my Coolers, I their Billings-gat.

At this one night (brave Father Lasher,  
 Our Major he, the Haber-dasher;  
 But to the Wife, one word's enough,  
 They swore Udz niggs, we swore Udz bluffs  
 And, e're a zealous eye could twinkle,

(crinck)  
 Their Hands they shake, their Hams they  
 In what a shitten-Case, I wisse now,  
 Was that same snivelling Coward Biscow,  
 VVhich faster ran, Spo'dator Poles,  
 Either their Heeles or else their Noses:  
 VVho scaped, to the Main Guard went  
 VVhich was of Grimes his Regiment.

Knock T

(that was hard,  
 Knockt to the *Guard* they come, and faith  
 Not one of them, without a *Broken Mazard*,  
 And all away, in such post haste are gon,  
 As 'twere from *Blincon*, yes & *Rowlandson*.

On *Oxford* Visitors, set-  
 ting up their *Commissions*  
 on the *Colledge Gates*,  
*&c.* 1648.

I Th' name of *Father Abraham*, what are ye;  
 (Ye ———  
 Disturb our Peace 'tis time for to beware  
 But oh the *Devils*! here *they come, they come*!

*Mumme.*

The Children, run and cry out there's the  
 Look here again! thus fly they to, and fro,  
 (so.

That *Sucklings*, *Goblins* ne're did fright Men

(that all's safe !  
 Why what's the matter *Friends*? I hope  
 ( *stasse,*  
 D'ye run away, b' *instinct* like Sir *John Fal-*  
 (been  
 And *stare*, and *buffe*, and *puff*, as if y' had  
 ( *Green;*  
 Mauld, by th' *unluckie Rogues* in *Kendall*  
 (goe,  
 The *Women*, in such *tirrits*, and *frights* do  
 (so.  
 Dame *Quickly*, near fear'd *swagg'ring-Pistol*  
 (that, we turn us,  
 Why what should *daunt* 'em thus? with  
 (concern us)  
 (For 'twas a *thing*, that might, in time,  
 (all!  
 When, half *amaz'd*, they cry out God save  
 The *White thing* yonder up against the wall--  
 (wee'l see,  
 Then,——Lord have mercy on us! well!  
 What in the *Name of God*, these *Devils* be.  
 So, on we go; where appears (at first sight)  
 Ten *Misbegotten Slaves*, in *black* and *white*,  
*Incarnate Devils*, who (forsooth) are sent  
 From far, by the *Infernal Parliament*  
 To greet us *here* (but 'tis *untowardly* this)  
 Not (as *St. Paul* sayes) with a *Holy Kisse*.  
 But



But *here*, these curst *Embassadors* of *Hell*,  
Must sit and *Judge* the *Tribes* of *Israel*;  
And such a *Jury*, none could e'er devise,  
Since first the *Devil* held his *Grand Assize*.

(*Scribe*,  
Say what these *Monsters* are? who can de-  
(*Tribe*——

The *several Species*, of this *Round-head*  
But how comes *Cheynel* in amongst the rest,  
Oth' *Holy Seē*? 'tis true, the *Man's* possess;  
He'l make *mad work*, and sniv'ling *Wilkinson*  
(*one?*

Why who? (the *Devil*) should send him for  
But why should *Harris* be excluded thus?  
He looks, for all the *VWorld*, like *Æacus*,  
Or bearded *Moses* in an *Ale Wifes Hall*,  
Joyn'd to the *stories*, of the *Prodigal*:  
But 'twas oppos'd by th' *Lower houses* sense,  
(*Conscience*.

*VWho* thought, his *Tears*, might use some  
(*Them*,

Thus our blest *Reformation* comes from  
As *Christ* did, once, into *Hierusalem*,  
Riding on *Asses-Colts*: *Conspirators*  
Of *Hellish-Mischiefs*! *Oxford's Visitors*!  
Pox on such *Visits*! could we but dispense  
(*silence*.

*VWith this*, wee'd *Court* the *Plague*, or *Pe-*

( oh ! God blesse us !  
*All Souls* look't to't, y' are *Damn'd*, and  
 ( *Jesus* ;  
*They'l* dare, to lay their *Violent* hands on  
 (with *dread*,  
*Christ Church* (cause *Militant* they'l scourge  
 ( *Head*.  
*And Brazen Nose*, though 'twere a *Brazen*—  
*But oh ! New Colledge*, double *Wee* to *You*,  
*Their Zeal* puts all down, yea the *Sisters* too,  
*And why?* you *Traytors* hated, and the *Oath*,  
*To Covenant* with *Baal*, and *Ashtoroth*  
*The Gods oth'* *Nations*, and your better sense  
*Distinguish't* *Treason* from *Obedience*.  
*Baliol* shall fare the better being a *Scot*,  
*The Devil*, look over *Lincoln*! *Hood* shall not!  
*Gods body!* *Corpus Christi* don't it please us,  
*Oriel* shall down and *Exceter* by *Jesus* ;  
*And let the Fellows* know of *Trinity*,  
*Ve* will reduce them to a *Unity*.

*Curst Generation ! wretched viperous Crew !*  
*Mischief to All ! oh ! to your Mother too !*  
*Ere such be our Reformers* we'l be *Damn'd*?  
 ( *flamn'd* ?  
*So many Knaves*, and shall not some be  
*Gown*.

Gown-Men are privildg'd in such Causes; thus  
 Saint Paul did fight, with Beasts, at Ephesus.  
 So will the Pauls at Oxford, e're they'll be  
 Enslav'd, to Presbyterian Tyranny.

This is their rest, they suffer can no more,  
 Then Royal Martyr Charles hath done before:  
 He that lives best, a tedious life prorogue,

(Rogues!

Ere I'll comply, I'll see you hang'd you

# To my FRIEND, V. O. &c.

(briske,

**W**ELL (*Val.*) my Courage up doth  
 Like Pistols, to redeem, my whistle,

Which Thou, at House, of Sinders,  
 Didst filch; (for who could hinder ye)

Where I, (as many simple man)

Put Churle, upon a Gentleman,

Abating, vigorous Canarye,

With thine unballow'd vin de Pari,

M 4

Thy

Thy Champagne, Shabley, and Burgundy,  
(Such Geer, as thou'lt Repent of, one day,)

Intoxicating Pericranion

VVith Whimsy vile (as 'tis with many one)

Till Thou, to shame (as I may say)

As Pan, on syringe, hold, did lay

Took't up my Pipe, and went't away.

Foul fall thy Glemmy Fingers ! may the Itch,  
(fakc Pitch,

Or (what's as good) thy Dear Wine's name.

Spoyle thee, for making Pills, of Turpentine,

(Provided, there may be no hurt in mine.)

VVell ! 'twill strain charity, if, ever, I

Forgive thee, for this piece, of Thee very,

(Men)

VVhereby th' ast Robb'd me (and many

Of Dulce Laborum Lenimen :

My Mirth, my Pleasure, and my Solace,

(Lasse :

VVherewith, the Shepheard, erst, did woe

For Cares, and Griefs (whatever ayle ye)

Mulcentur, *Fistulâ pastoralî :*

It makes us sound, Tarrantula

It cures, nay there's scant a flaw

It heals not ; *Chorus sancti viti,*

It helpeth straight : (or more's the pitty.)

And



And tell me who's so crank, as are,  
 The merry Girles, of Lancha-shire,  
 Who oft, in Hall-- from whence our family  
 Descends( ycleped Bold, (or many lye)  
 Have banded, feet and danc'd as madly  
 As, after Piers, the youth, of bradly,  
 Oh ! I have made such Girles dance after

(ter..

My pype, as (friend) would move your laugh-  
 Thou know'st 'Twas a-la mode de France,  
 (Un-us'd, to whistle Dogg a Dance)  
 Ne Scotney, nor the Lad, of Islewight,  
 Can be compared, to my Whistle-wright.  
 (Away wherewith, you bandy went,  
 To breach, of a Commandement)

Had Orpheus, plaid, on this, (d'yee see)  
 He had Redeem'd, Furidice.

Whose Charming-strains, & sweet musicks,  
 Have baffeld, quite, Mira Poemata:

For which my Reason (I'll be true t'yee) was  
 To wear, a pype ; Neglect a Hudibras.

Well ! hear fam'd Ancient Pistol, tel ye once  
 What falls on those, confront, the Helicons!

(Elisters

He sayes, that Gaping, ghastly wounds, and  
 (Look to it) shall untwine, the fatal-sisters,

Wherefore

Wherefore (good *Val.*) return, my Flajulate  
Thou knowst that *Clotho colum bajulat*  
*Lachesis trahit*, it ne're mock at)

The word, for *Atropos*, is, *Occat*.

Wa'st not enough, to lessen Salary.

With vin d' O bryan, vin sellery  
Graves Wines, Burdeaux, Wines of Nantz

Vin d' Hermitage, vin d' Orleans,

Vin de Bov'ry, vin de Boon,

Vin d' Catore, vin Sheroon,

Vin pallet, vin de moy and vin dee,

Vin Court, vin Gree, d' Amant (pox in thee.)

But thou must put me to the purchase,

Of such a pipe, which used in Churches,

Hath brought to pulpit, Roger Korum,

(As Bumkin swears) who long before 'um

Knew not (*Jack Falstaff* wise) since ever born

Church inside more, then does a pepper corn

As pan, with syrx, thou with syring, meddle

(I've sed all

That's thy True pipe, not mine, and now

Dear *Val*: thine own, but can't be merry,

Till, thou restore, my Hotteterre.

### Post-script.

Direct to Him, who now in snuffie,

VVithin the Rolles, at House of Office.

On Sympa

# On the Death of Oliver Cromwell, Septemb. 3. 1658.

(twenty lives,  
 G One with a vengeance! had he  
 He needs must go (they say) the  
 (Devil drives,  
 r went he hence away, like *Lamb so mild*  
*Falstaf*, wise like any *Chreesome-Child*.  
*Arthur's Bosome*, he's not *hush*, yet dy'd  
 as he did (at *Turning of the Tyde*,  
 with it such a *wind* the *sailles*, did *swel*,  
 won, ne're made a quicker pass to *Hell*.  
 ow as there must be *wonders* to portend  
 ery *notorious birth*, or *dismal end*,  
 as when *hot purs Grannam's* (cat of yore  
 d *Kitten*, or when *Pokins*, lost a *Bore*)  
 when this *Prodigie of Nature* fell, (tell:  
 rself seem'd half *unbang'd*: *Tempests* fore-  
 refull *Events*, *Boreas* was out of *breath*,  
 l by his *Soul* inspir'd at his *d. ath*.  
 en ful of this same *Blustering* sir, he throws  
 wn *Hurdy Oakes & Elmes*, to kiss his *Toes*:  
 mself was *Heart of Oke*, so now they strive  
*Sympath* with him, *dead*, as when *Alive*:  
 Trees,

Trees, now, as men, like Trees, reverted stood  
 you'd think, the devil had been gone to wood  
 All things were Topsy-turvy: Thus he fell  
 The Wrath of Heaven, and the prey of hell

---

On the Death of the  
 Famous Apoth. Mr. Gideon  
 De Lanne. 1658.

Great Lord of Medicine! whose sing  
 Out did *Dispensatories*, and whose w

Was Arts best Law: since death knew n  
 And ready wayes to kill, then he to Cu

This salves were e'ne as Catholicks as o  
 And all this Remedies were Sovereignes

Natures Preservative! who seem'd t'ou  
 The Hopes and Armes of his Posterity:

And if her debt had not his Justice try'd  
 I'd lay my life upon't, he had not dy'd

But is he dead-- Dead! as I live rude death  
 How durst thou be so bold, to filch his Bre

Th



at gave so many life ? how know'st but *be*  
 y hasten time to make an end of thee ?  
 hus shall his Fate, Philosophy controul  
 (Soul-  
 and leave the drooping world without a  
 section's rise, and raging since his Fall,  
 d each Disease, is Epidemical : (read  
 Nature prove short liv'd, hence you may  
 e sad (but certain) cause- *Delaun is dead.*

New Years Day. 1657.  
 To my Dear Friend *W.M. Esq;*

(I'me hither come  
 Though 'mongst the numerous throng  
 With one poor *Item*, 'tis my total sum  
 poets stock (though no great matter 'tis)  
 all that one can wish, and such is this.

(Mirth,  
 health that's the joy of life, and soul of  
 ne to despaire, and comfort of our *birth*,  
 ay't with your years, as clearly last & rise  
 'twas e're winds had blasted Paradise!  
 Wealth

Wealth ! the support of pleasures, and the  
 Of worldly hope ! the Glory and Renown  
 Of fortunes white Boyes : the fond Beg  
 Envy'd of only those deserve not much.

May this (and each) year, yeild to me  
 As a Perpetual-triumph and a spoyle !

Now, as who not enjoy, or Covet more  
 Are but their Riches Gaolers, & stil Poor  
 May the same equal temper, the same fire

(That never flagg'd too low, nor can  
 In flame your Breast ; where to be ever fere

That which all seek (but find not) true

May all your Aimes atchive their purpose  
 And never find, what 'tis to want a friend  
 Unless the kinder Heavens had me assign  
 As much of power to serve you, as of mind

Then need you, with no more for't shoul

How far I prize your fortunes 'bove mine

'Mong

(gift too  
 Mongst other gifts, I'll give you this  
 (as you.  
 I ne're found friend, so much a friend,

To Mr. *J. Gamble* on  
 his Setting and Publishing the  
 Lyrick Poems, of *T.S. Esq;*

(*Jack*)

I N this *Age* when there is scarcely One  
 That Offers, at a *Composition*,  
 Give those sad Souls, within the verge go fall  
 Of *Worcester-house*, or *Haberdashers Hall*,  
 That thou shouldst set thyself to setting layes  
 (praise.  
 Both challenge, both our wonder, and our  
 Nor sit in such a *Mood*, as't may be se'd,  
 That *Gamble*, had a *Cratchet* in his *Head*.  
 Or (to be brief) it will be long enough,  
 Ere any other, will enlarge the stuff  
 That *Nature* lent him to so blest a use,  
 As is the setting forth of *Stanley's muse*.

And

And to *some* Tuneth'ft done it! not by rote  
 Here's nere a tittle, but is worth the note.  
 All is fo humor'd, both the strong and weak,  
 Me thinks the very note, doth seem to speak  
 And *Emphafe* every pbrase: fo kindly done,  
 Stanley inspir'd the Words, and thou the  
 Here's such variety, so season'd too, (Tome.  
 ('twill do.)

'Twill please the Women (that I'me sure  
 Counter toth' Tenor, of Tom Sternbold's psalm  
 That's Mongrel'd, with Another, to the same

Thy Fancy, Trebles others and thy scene  
 Stil changing, shews, thy base was never mean  
 Oh! how 'twill go against the baire of those  
 Who drink, in Kime! and exercise in Prose  
 Seeing thine idle bours, in their own way,  
 (their play.

Have out done all their work, (and that  
 (the Bayes

The Song was Stanley's and hath gain'd  
 praise

Thine is the Prick, and thine shall be the





And never swallow'd possum, think th'are  
To be partakers at the Muses-Table (able  
Who ne're inspir'd were by the Nine Sisters

(Glysters  
But took their Learning as folks do their

(you lack  
And should you come to tell them what

(pack)  
Their wits (like ware ill-plac't in Pedlars

(their bundle

They have, but know not where; perhaps

May yeild a ballad for the Widow Trundle

Or some such business wherein is shewn

A mournful Ditty, to the pleasant tune

(call it  
Fortune my Foe: or else- pox what d'ye

(Maller  
When th'ave no more conceits then has

(a sonnet  
But from their Spungy Brains may squeeze

(upon it  
When th'ave a fortnight chew'd their Cue

And shall such clumsi'd humors ever be  
Renowned with the Name of Poetrie!

No, 'twere a sin beyond a pardon, you  
Deserve the Poets Name, and Laureat too

The  
thought

(wrought! not weak!  
 Thy Book swells high, thy Line's well  
 thy words might teach *Apollo* how to speak  
 (thee,  
 a better Phrase, which had he done like  
*aphne* had ne're been turn'd into a Tree.  
 thy twisted Plot so nice a hand hath spun  
 ou'd think, it were not only *made* but *done*  
 and you would not believe me, should I tel  
 (well.  
 ow soon this work was done when 'tis so  
 (ding Fame,  
 Go on (*Dear friend*) enlarge thy sprea-  
 And let thy Pen mortallize thy Name.

To Mrs. M. M. Deli-  
 ver'd of a Daughter, after the  
 Death of two Sons  
 March, 1. 1659.

The Eastern Sages, guided by their Star  
 (from farr)  
 thought less Devotion (though they came  
 N 2 To

(then I  
To greet their new born Man-child God,  
To Gratulate your safe Delivery,

Hence as a guerdon for your single-worth  
May you need no deliverer, but bring forth

(to be  
And let your num'rous off-spring grow  
The Hope and Pride of all Posterity!

Sure God consider'd it, and in this one  
For two be took, made Restitution.

(plenteous Birth  
Thrice blessed be that Womb! whose  
Can furnish heaven, & yet people Earth.

---

An Epitaph Written on  
the Tomb of *Mary*, Wife of  
*Tho. Ingram*, of *Temple*  
*Newsham*, in the County of *Tork*  
*Esq*; dying in the Birth of two  
Children, O<sup>r</sup>. 2. 1656.

Reader,

W<sup>ith</sup> reverence approach this Tomb

Here lies, a Pattern for the Times

(com

Th

I T ha

With C



The Glorious envy of her Sex, where all  
Graces and virtues were habitual.

Wife as one would wish! be this her Pride!  
(dy'd.

he ne're displeas'd her husband till she  
To shew her *Womb* uncurst a double-birth  
Gave fruit at once to heaven, & to earth,  
But heaven was their centre, deeming meet  
(sheet,

The swathing linnen for their Winding-  
The *Mother*, loth to stay behind, but knew  
Her infants parted, and departed too.

Triumphs, and Hallelujahs! heaven's possess  
y *Mary*, with a Babe at either Breast!

They were too good for this World —  
Here they lye.

Children and Heirs to all Eternity.

## The Morning Visit on his Mistress.

It had been morn, but fairer *Celia* lay  
(day

With Curtind-eyes, and so contrould the  
N 3 When

When to her *sacred shrine*, in lovely guise  
I came to pay my *Morning-sacrifice*,

She lay like *Danae* when (blessed hap !)  
*Jove* in a storme of *Gold* assailed her *Lap* :  
But had *he Celia* seen, *he* had confest,  
She had best welcome, for so great a Guest.  
Whose single Entertainment was such cheer,  
As all the gods might come and banquet there.

Her *Locks* (or I might better say) her *Rayes*  
Might from the *Delphick Poets* purchase praise  
Rather than *Phæbus* beams, they do but light  
The night of day, but these make day of night.  
A purer red, her *Damask Cheeks* disclose,  
Then when the *Sun* salutes the bashful *Rose* :  
Or when the *morn* in crimson *Robes* arraid  
(traid.

*Blushes* to think, her night sports were be-  
Her *Lips* (but here I want expression,)  
For nothing, e're could make comparison  
Were seal'd, as if they pleasure took in this,  
That modestly they could each other *Kiss*.  
On which such balmy drops of dew arise,  
As ne're distill'd, from *Trees* in *Paradise* ;  
Whereat mine easie *Genius*, prompted me,  
To taste the *Fruit*, of this *Forbidden Tree*.

(ence lies,  
Twixt Eve's, and this sort, here the differ-  
Bysbar, Flesh fell, but this doth make it rise.

(Touch,  
Now, mine encourag'd hand, presumes to

(such,  
Her downy Breasts, whose rising hills, are  
(her Sphear,

That every Grace might court them for  
And all the Muses joy, t' inhabit there.

n whose blest vallyes, Love and Beauty lye,  
And there decree, the Murthers, of her Eye,  
(amaze,)

Where, now, my willing hand (in fond  
Would seem to dwell, & circle in this maze,  
But curious Fancy, will not be confin'd ;

(blind!  
How well Love finds the way, though he be  
(Hill,

From thence, I wander ore the neighbring  
(distill,

Whose bottom founts such odorous streams  
As Cupid, tyr'd, with chafing Lovers hearts  
(Darts :

Comes there, to bath, himself, and cool his  
N 4 And

(were,  
And *Venus*, when her *Doves* unharness'd  
Hath whipt 'em *thither*, for to *Water* there.  
Here's the *Elysian Fields*! the happy *Grove*,  
Where *beauty* banquets, with the god of love!

(spread,  
Whose *shade*, with *violets* strew'd, and *Lillies*  
Do seem a *Chaplet*, for her *Maiden-Head*;  
Where, after *feasting*, *Venus*, with her *Son*,  
Sports, on the *banks*, of this same *Helicon*,  
(th'ave found?)

And *Love-knots* tye, (what pretty sport  
With *grass*, that grows upon this *holy ground*.  
(Plot!)

Which, curling round *Loves fingers* (pretty  
He shews his *Mother*, what fine *rings* h'as got,  
And kissing, did intreat her, to bestow,  
One *single thread* to make a *string* for's bow  
And ask't, (as if the *Lad* could something do  
Whether, he might not have that *quiver*, too  
But *Venus* frown'd, & with the *Flowers* by  
She whipt the *Boy*, for's waggish *Knavery*,  
And sharply told him, with *Majestick Grace*  
'Twas *Sacrilege*, to take, from such a *Place*  
And though to see or touch, he did approve

(Grove  
Ye, for such *tricks* she'd banish him the  
So



to, took him by the *band*, & thence they go  
And *wanton* on the melting *Field* of *Snow* :

(*Friends,*

And when, th' had *kist* each other, and were  
*Venus* (to make the *Little Rogue* amends)

(*allow,*

Tol'd him, that, for his *Bow* she would  
The half bent *Circle*, in my *Celia's Brow* ;

(*Hearts,*

And, when he was resolv'd, to *slay* tame

(*Darts:*

The *Glances*, of her *eyes*, should serve, for

(*two*)

And for his *string* (if he must needs have

(*too.*

Her *locks* would yield him *strings*, and *fetters*

Who, being thus *provided* needs would try,

To *wound* her, with her own *Artillery*

For well he *knew*, she did *desie*, and *scorn*,

(*worn:*

The *Shafts*, which were, within his *Quiver*,

(For, being baffeld, by her, on a Day,

He, angry, threw his *Bow*, and all away : )

But, since he's better *furnisht*, dares *desie*,

His former *Foes*, and sue for *Victory* :

But

But wary *Venus*, did the *Fight* defer,  
 (Her:  
 And caus'd her *Son*, to make a *Truce*, with  
 Which, being enter'd, *Love & She* Combine  
 To Conquer *All*, and therefore do conjoyn,  
 Their single *Forces*, and their *Power* in *One*,  
 (undone.  
 Wherefore—take heed!—for *All* the world's

## To the Lady, *M. W.*

**S**O does the *Body*, when the *Soul* has gon,  
 And pawn'd him, till the *Resurrection*,  
 Re-greet each other, as I salute *You*,  
 Who art my *Life*, my *Light* and *Glory* too.  
 (prove,

But oh! what torments do those *Lovers*  
 That find their *Service*, ill repai'd with *Love*?  
 And must I be oth' *Number*? can there be,  
 A *Loving Soul* that more can *Honour* Thee?  
 Thou art my *Fancy's Idol*, and hast won  
 My *Soul*, unto a *Superstition*,  
 That never needs *Repentance*; I dare dye,  
 A ready *Martyr*, to thy *Diety*:

And

and was there ever Saint so Tyraniz'd  
 To fire that *Altar*, where She's *Idoliz'd*?  
 But I'me a *Yonger Brother*, not born high,  
 would be *Nothing*, so I were no *I*:

(where  
 h! shall not well-stampt *Love* go currant,  
 unlucky *Fortune*, hath deny'd a share?

ut when two *Souls* together *Match* we do,  
 ust there be made a *Match* of *money* too?

(wee'l prove  
 et not our *Friends* controule our *Loves*,  
 ead, to *Obedience*, so we live to love;

(alone,  
 hough 'tis acknowledg'd that your worth  
 ight make a *Kingdom* proud of such a one

(odds  
 one can dislike our *Loves*, for here's the  
 hen *Men* make *Others Lovers*, 'Us the *Gods*.  
 hen be as *Kind*, as *Beauteous* and turn all  
 y former *Flagues*, into a *Cordiall*

and may thy *Body*, nere my *Purchase* be  
 ere my *Soul* prevaricate from thee! (mov'd,  
 Then (Dearest) speak my *Life*, with *Pitty*  
 Or bid me *Dye*, because I over-Lov'd.

Epitaph, D. Arth : In-  
gram, E. A. Eborac.

P. M. S.

**R** Equiescite Magni Manes ! (meriti;  
Illud jam ex morte consecuti, quod in vita  
Quantum Bonum Mortalitas !  
Incertum

Magnis nè Triste quia Potuit,  
An Felix, quia Debit mori :

D. Arthurus Ingramius E. A.

( Amplitudine Fortuna,  
Claritudine Titulorum, Nobilitate Sanguinis,  
Grande Nomen :

Sed

Rarâ Animi indole, &  
Pietate, inter paucos eximiâ  
Ut Reliquis omnibus, itâ & se ipso Major.  
Quotumquemque sc. videris  
In Excelsa humilem  
In re lautâ sobrium,  
In inconstanti Constantem ?  
Iste Vir Maximus

Fortuna



*Fortunæ bona primus, inter Virtutes, consecravit  
Fuitquæ probus, & præ omnibus, & per omnia.*

*Ecclesiæ Filius, & Pater,*

*Pupillus & Patronus :*

*Suis Copiis, illi Militanti, Militabat :*

*Adeò Catholicè Beneficus,*

*Adeò ingratis Liberalis,*

*Ut se omnium faceret, atque omnes suos.*

*(Egregiæ*

*baritatis in lectissimam conjugem, supramodum*

*jussu ipsa, quantumvis hic crexerit marmoreum*

*(Pectore :*

*Firminus adhuc monumentum s. cum gestat in*

*Omnia in hoc Herœ Immortalia,*

*Præterquàm una Mortalitas.*

*Quid fles Viator ?*

*Non est iste, quem vides, virtutis Tumulus,*

*Sed Delubrum.*

*Englisbed, and Engraven, Thus.*

*(chas'd have*

**R** *Est ye in peace, Great Souls ! who pur-*

*What You deserv'd in Life, now, by*

*(the Grave !*

*How great a Good's Mortality !*

*'Tis an uncertainty,*

*Whe-*

Whether more sad or happy thing it be,  
For that he could, or that he ought to dye:

*Sir Arthur Ingram* Knight

By Title, Noble Blood, & fortune's height,  
A Name of Weight :

But,

For the rare endowments of the mind,  
And piety, which amongst few hath shin'd  
As every other one he did out-do,  
He, then himself, was also greater too.

(thou see

Say, amongst thousands, one where shalt

In High Things, low

In Plenty Sober too

And Constant in Inconstancy?

This Best of men was He

(did sacred make to be :

Who Fortune Goods 'mongst virtues, first,

(nefty.

Through (and beyond) all, was his ho-

The Churches Son and Father, so

A Pupil, and a Patron too.

With his supplies he did supply her want

When militant

So Catholiquely Beneficial,

Whether men would or no, so liberal,

As he'd make all men his, and himself all.

Of

Love, to's choice Wife, not to be exprest  
 (ble rest)  
 hereof she bears (though here the mar-  
 monument more lasting in her breast.  
 All things Immortal in this *Heroe* were  
 But meer Mortality: —

Why Weep'st thou here? (Room  
 hat which thou seest within this vaulted  
 he Temple is of vertue not the Tomb.

Epitaph on *R. Webb*,  
 hang'd for Ravishing a Child  
 of five years old *May*, 19. 1651.

(though short,  
**H**ere lyes curst *Webb*! who living, spun  
 (fort,  
 so fair a thread, a Halter choakt him  
 (proaches  
 for Bardolph's like 'twas cut with vile re-  
 (ches!  
 and Edge of Penny-Cord-so Bonas no-

The

# The Visit on Mrs. S. L.

**F**air *Suaviana* having made it day,  
Before the Lazy Sun began to stirre  
(king lay

And caus'd the Delphick Preists mista-  
Their offerings at her Shrine & worship her;  
Guided by th' influence of her Starry eyes,  
I came to pay my morning sacrifice  
A Yoke of Kisses, and a shower of Tears  
(and fears,

Made up of sighs and prayers 'twixt hopes  
Sphear)

Oh when she issu'd from her bed (Lov's  
(there

Such sudden flashes lighten'd here and  
That as one Planet-struck Amaz'd I stood  
To see such *brightnes* sally, through a cloud.  
(threw;

Then o're her world-like head, she gently  
A flaming petty Coat, which to the view,  
Appear'd by the reflection of her Eyes,  
As the Sun sets e're winds and storms arise

Eut



(Hips  
 t (as smal Love would have it) on her  
 enter'd was, as loth for so Eclips  
 fair a prospect, underneath which place  
 r scallop'd smock was pretty. Faith! it was.  
 d now the height of mine Ambition is  
 e hem of such a Garment but to kiss,  
 As on a velvet Couch she seated was  
 sheath her Legs within a silken Case

(say  
 r Thighs were laid a cross, as who should  
 good luck on ye! blest for all the day!

(seen  
 ich as she did untwine, you might have  
 e place where Love & Beauty frolick in;  
 e Port was to the view, half open set,  
 e folding dores were *Coral*, hing'd in jet.  
 thin a Court, with *Crimson Velvet* lyn'd

(sign'd;  
 hich Love for his own Lodgings had as-

(these,  
 ere several Chambers were, and beside

(Ghues.  
 ere were no other Rooms, but Room to  
*Cetera desiderantur.*

O Translation

Translation, *Eleg. 4.*  
*Lib, 2. Ovid: Amorum.*

(move  
**T**Here's no one certain beauty, can me  
 There are a hundred causes why I love  
 If one behold me, with a modest Eye,  
 I'me fir'd : ensnar'd ev'n by that modesty

(well-bred  
 Is she no Clown ? I'me pleas'd with on  
 And gives me hope, she's Active in a Bed  
 If like the *Sabine dames*, she Coy, doth fit,  
 I think she would, but she dissembles it.  
 If Learn'd ; I'me pleas'd with Ingenuity  
 If Rude, she's pleasing by simplicity :  
 There's one, who sayes *Callimachus* to me

(b  
 Writs ill, whom I please, she'l soon please  
 Another, does me, and my Verses blame  
 With her, I'de have a little of that same  
 Doth she step stately, motion takes me a

(well man  
 Hard-hearted Girles, prove kinder, wh

(Voice,  
This cause she sings, and can command her  
To Kifs her, as she *sings*, should be my *choice*.

(swiftly and  
This o're the murmuring chords runs  
Who can refrain, to Love so queint a hand?  
This, to a measure, can herself advance  
And bend her tender Body in a Dance:

(move  
To say nought of my self, whom, all sakes  
*Hippolytus* would there *Priapus* prove.

(dead,  
Thou cause th'art tall, equall'st the *Heroes*  
And lye'st a mighty Body in a bed, (Fish  
This short one's sweet, All comes to Net, is  
Both long and short, are even as I'de wish.  
Is she not bred; I ghes what if she were;

(there.  
Is she well dress'd, she shews her good gifts  
Is she taken with a fair maid, or a yellow, .  
Is she lust, even in a *Black thing* has no fellow.  
*Black locks* dangle on her snowy Neck  
Is she da with such, was seen her self to Deck:  
Is she yellow, such *Aurora* flow from thee:  
Is she Love, fits me, for every History.

(too  
 Youth me provokes, old Age provokes me  
 For manners; that, this better to the view  
 Nay all the City Girles, one can approve  
 For all of these, I've an *Ambitious Love*.

To R. B. Esq; having  
 Read his *Mirza*.

(own,  
**T**Hy scene was *Persia*, but too like our  
 Only our *Soffie* has not got the *Crown*,  
 Me-thinks it so concernes us, as it were  
 A Romance there, but a true story here.

(h'ad sed  
 Had *Johnson* liv'd t'have seen this work  
 (oth' head  
 Th'adst been his bravest Boy! strok't the  
 Given thee his blessing in a bowle of Wine  
 Made thee's Administrator, or Assign.  
 But father *Ben*. I think was too much Poet

(who owe is  
 To have much wealth (one need not care  
 Beside



(merit,  
Besides had Elder Sons, yet, where there's  
Or custom, Yonger brothers oft inherit.

((vil a bit,  
What though of's Gold th'ast got the De-  
p'ne sure th'art heir apparent to his Wit

(shine  
Which thou hast in that vigour, and high  
As when he wrote his *Strenuous Cateline*.

(logers,  
Hence be't observ'd 'mongst our Chrono-  
Since *Johnson* inspir'd *Baron*— *Tears*.

You are so much each other (no dispraise)  
*Robin* and *Ben*. are now synonoma's (His  
Nor can time blast a Wit : thine's ripe as  
That Age, a *Johnson* crown'd, a *Baron* this.

---

## Elegy at the Funerals of *W. Moyle Esq; May 28. 1660.*

S Ad, as forsaken *Lovers* ! black as night  
(light /  
When yet un-chaos'd to be christend  
O 3 Heavy

Heavy as Laden consciences! and Pale,  
 (d'ye ayle?  
 As childish fears! Why mourn ye? What  
 (Sun

You, that were wont for to out dare the  
 In's Glory, now, as if your souls were gone  
 And left your *bodies* pawnd until they come;  
 Grief and disaster (only fill the Room.)  
 But Oh! ———

I've met the Cause! Behold! and see  
 The subject (once) of your Idolatry?

(prize  
*Moyle* that was (late) the glory and the  
 Of Arts and Natures misteries, here lyes  
 (grown

Cold as the hand of fate, as breathless  
 As winds were in the first confusion:  
 Here sigh and weep! whilst in a sacred boast  
 I tell what you and all the world have lost.

(to praise  
*Moyle*! the lov'd *Moyle*! whom 'tis as hard  
 As 'twas to imitate his works and wayes.  
 He was (believe me Reader for 'tis rare?)

(were.  
 Que in whom all choice Gifts implanted

Man

Man Miracle! who when alive posselt,  
All ingroft virtue, in his Catholick Preat,  
(Sphere

Where all the graces dwelt as 'twere their  
And every *muse*, took up her *Lodging* there.

And sadly, now, to Celebrate his Herse,  
(with verse.

Burthen their Eyes, with tears, their hands  
(more free

His Countryes Joy! and Greif! None was  
Hearted, or handed, to the Poor, then He;

(may read  
If good works prove short-liv'd here you

The sad (but certain) cause, 'Tis *he is dead*.  
(say)

No truth in *Proverbs*! *April* showers (they  
(lowing *May*.

Bring forth the fragrant flowers of sol-  
*April* hath cropt our *Prim-rose* there it lies,  
From hence transplanted, into *Paradise*.

Thus do we sow our seed, to rot i'th *Earth*  
That it may quicken to a second *Birth*;  
Thus is *he* laid in *Ground*, never to *Dye*,  
But to spring up, to all *Eternity*.

# New Years Day, to my Dear Friend, W. M. Esq;

NOW *Janus* bids the world a good New-year  
Faces about, then sets us as we were.

(great doubt,  
When (by your means) I'me clear'd of that  
And care I had to bring the year about.  
Now custom summons me, with every man  
(As springs pay Tribute to the Ocean)  
To make Returnes, and offer at that shrine  
Whence I derive, that all I dare call mine.  
And (as in *duty bound*) should thither come  
Not with a single gift, but *Hecatomb*.  
See the *Stenography* of *Dearth* and *Scant*.  
Some want no store, and I no store of want.  
And can but this advantage gain thereby  
To privilege my down right Poetry.

(amends,

Oh could *rime* pay my scores! or make  
I'de have such verses at my *Fingers Ends*:  
As without byting, *Knuckles* should distill,  
Had I so readily my Wit at will,  
Till mounted in the spreading wings of Fame  
You should triumphant ride, & your vast name



Be Eccho'd, till it had reacht either Pole,  
 And so become immortal as your Soul  
 Or were I *rich*! but this *age* will not yeild  
 More *Argent*, to me, then my *Griffon's Field*,  
 Or could *he* with his display'd *Sable Wing*,  
 As *Pegasus* did once, create a *Spring*,  
 Which like *Pedolus* with it's silver streams,  
 Should stil bring fresh supplies to mine extremis;  
 Had I this *wish*, my *Chief* should never view  
 A *Moyle* but *Argent*, and imbordur'd too.  
 But oh! this will not do! no *stock* can serve  
 To *Pay*, or *Praise* you, so as you *Deserve*.

---

A Frolick to *W. M. Esq;*  
 Returnd from *France*,

I.

(fraught

OH for a *Bowle*, whose wide capacious  
 Was never fathom'd by a *Poets draught*!  
 To welcome *Moyles* return, I'de drink it up  
 Of *thanks*, the day should be, of *grace* the cup.

2. I'de

2.

I'de court the driery, *Sea-gods* now to send,  
 Their *Ocean* in a frolick while each friend  
 Of *Moyles* shall suck it to an Ebb and they  
 With tears of joy augment it's flow agen.

3.

*Moyle* whom so oft we fancy'd it our *bowles*  
 Thy very name reviv'd our duller Souls,  
 And lent so kind a flavor to the wine,

(thine.

It relish't good or bad, as th' health was

4.

(know

Thou travelst not like those, who only  
 To spit at wine, to beat a drawer, or so,  
 To ruffle Boot-hose-tops, or pleat a Cuff  
 Or set a Circumcised, Cod-piece off.

5.

(view

No, thou art better bred, thou went'st to

(them too.

Strang manners lik'st the best, & learnd'st  
 Our glorious envy, though we cannot tell

(know how well

How much thou improv'dst thy parts, we

6.

(France

Hence at my noble *Moyles*, return from  
 The *winds* did whistle, to the *waves* to dance

The

(more,  
The *sea-nymphs* sung, and seem'd to wanton  
Then when the courtly floods *Leander* bore

7.

But had they known, as I, how fair a shrine

(shine;  
Thou cam'st t' adore (*Hero's*, being dull to)

(rival she

Th'ad snatcht thee from her while each  
Had in her calme embraces swallow'd thee.

8.

Now happy pair! where every mutual kiss,  
Informs what pain it is to want that bliss:

(shall be

The graces guard her! while each muse  
Or drunk in fancy, or in Love with thee.

---

## The Hang-mans Motto upon Burning the Covenant.

**B**Ehold the *Covenant* and *Kingdom* quit!  
That, *first*, set *this* on fire, *now* this sets it.  
Rebellion,

Rebellion, to the *sin* of *Witchcraft*, turn'd  
 (Burn'd:

The *Covenant*, doing *thus*, was, therefore

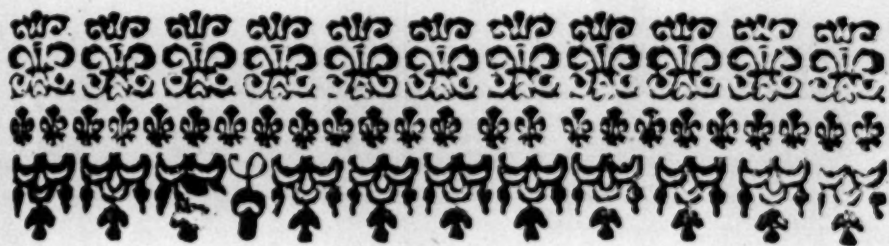
The *Covenant* (God bless us!) was an *Oath*  
 Like a god-dam'-me, to a *Faith* and *Troth*.



To







T O

His Sacred Majesty

Charles the II.

At His happy Return.

SO comes the Sun after a half-years  
 (night,  
 (Muscovite,  
 To the Be-numb'd, and Frozen  
 As we (great Britain's Influence!) welcome you  
 Who are our Light, our Life, and Glory too.  
 Your Presence is so Sovereign, counter Fate,  
 It makes, alone, our Island Fortunate :

Whilst

(ing done,  
 Whilst we (like *Eastern Priests*) the night be-  
 Fall down, and *Worship You*, our *Rising Sun*.  
 But ! —

As *Devotes* (of old) did use to stay  
 Below the *Font*, nor durst approach to lay  
 Their *Duties* on the *Sacred brine*, so I  
 (Not qualifi'd for the *Solemnity*  
 Of *Offering* at Your *Altar*) stand at door,  
 And wish as much as they, who give you more.

May You live long and happy, to improve  
 In *Strangers*, *Envy*; in Your *Subjects Love*!  
 And marry'd may Your *Computation* run  
 Even, as *Time*. for every year a *Son*!  
 Until Your *Royal Off-spring* grow to be  
 The *Hope*, and *Pride* of all *Posterity*!

May every *Joy*, and every choice *Content*,  
 Be trebled on You! & what e're was meant,  
 My *Sovereign's care* & trouble, may it prove  
*Quiet* and *Calm*, as are th' *Effects* of *Love*!

Last, having liv'd a *Patern* of such worth,  
 As never any *Age* did yet bring forth,  
 Ascend to *Heaven*; where th' *Eternal Throne*

(*Crown*.  
*Crowns* You with *Grace*, shall *Grace* You with a

St. George's Day, Sacred  
to the Coronation of his Most  
Excellent Majesty Charles  
the II. By the Grace of God,  
King of England, Scotland,  
France and Ireland, Defender  
of the Faith, &c.

**T** Riumphs! and Hallelujahs! let us Sing!  
Hallowing the Day to our three King-  
(dom'd King!  
Thus Upper-Jove (once) when secur'd, and  
(free  
From Heaven-assayling-Gigantomachie,  
Conven'd the gods, at his commanding call,  
Like Charles and's Peers, at George's Festival.  
(Remove:  
'Twixt Those, and These, there is but one  
Lievetenants here, to the Supreme above.  
St. George for England! Andrew! Dennis. They  
Are, but as Vigils, to our Holy Day.

A Roman Triumph is, Compar'd to This,  
A Whitson Ale : A meer Parenthesis.

Scarce hath the lazy Sun his Circuit gone,  
But ! Revolution ! Revolution !

Our King Proclam'd ! Restor'd ! and Crown'd !  
( A Year

Like Plato's, sets us Even as we Were.

Blest be the Time ! oh may it henceforth be,  
Calendar'd Englands Year of Jubilee !

For ever Sacred, to the Crown of Charles,  
( Charles.

And early Fame, oth' ( Arch ) Duke's Albe-  
( Own,

He that does claim, the Ends oth' Earth his  
( Crown.

May boast more Kingdomes, but not such a  
A Crown which o're your fairer Temples, hurl'd  
As Drake did once, encircles all the World.

Thanks to th' Eternal Powers ! who preserv'd  
For You, so Long, what You so soon deserv'd.

( Source  
Shame on the Vile-Usurpers ! what their

( force.  
Of violence sway'd, your patience wcn per-

When



(Blood,

When, they were dy'd in grain with Royal-  
And nothing was, but as they made it good.

When Hell had so enhanc'd Rebellion,

To Kill the Heir and take Possession.

(Oh 'tis *Forgiven*! may it be *Forgot*!

He came to's own, & they receiv'd him not.)

When we oth' *Loyal*, in despair were hurl'd,

As if your *Kingdoms*, were not of this *World*,

When doubts and horror, as at *Day of Doom*,

(Come!

Had seiz'd us all, then! lo! Your *Kingdoms*

(like *Saul*!

See! where He's *Crown'd*! A *King of Kings*!

As *Proper* too, it may be not so *Tall*.

As *Glorious*, as the *Sun*, on *Easter Day*,

(Way.

Like the *Morning-Star*, does gild the

*Glocester's* translated to another *Sphere*,

To Celebrate a *Coronation*, *There*.

A sacred *Treason* to His *Brother Prince*!

Seizing His *Birth-right*, and *Preheminence*!

He took *Possession* first, receiv'd a *Crown*,

Not-like-to-fade, an *Everlasting One*.

As if the *Grand Disposer*, had assign'd,

*Eternity* to *Heirs* by *Gavel-kinde*.

P

But ———

(were gods,  
 But — He that *Wisht* Himself and Heir  
 (odds)  
 The next *Son King of France*, (as no great  
 (tious bear,  
 Had he but known, the *Wealths* your Na-  
 (jeſt Here  
 T' had been his *Wish*, t' have *Liv'd* a Sub-  
 (Horſe,  
 When the *Great Lord of Light*, with's fiery  
 Does, *Gyant-like*, rejoyce to run his *Course*.  
 The *Beſaunts of the Skye* are *Sabled* quite,  
 (Light.  
 Suffering *Eclipse*, from ſuch redundant  
 (Shon  
 But *Charles* his *Starry Peers*, about *Him*  
 As if *They* meant, to rival with the *Sun*,  
 (Yet had an *Eagle-Eye* been *Scrutinous*,  
*Sol* in's full-*Glory*, was leſs *Glorious* ) (move  
 Oh may *Thoſe Planets*, that ſo *Stately*  
 Itch' *Lower Orb*, be lately fixt above !  
 (Crew  
 Th' *Exalted Heads*, oth' *Higher minded*  
 Had they their *Lights* agen, to take a *View*  
 Of this fair *Proſpect*, where *Divinity*,  
 Is ſo well temper'd, with *Humanity*.

Grace

Graces, and *Vertue*, thron'd alike in *You* :

(*cents* were *True*.

'Twould e'ne Convince them, *Their Con-*

Had they kenn'd *Likeness*, th'ad ne're

(grudg'd *You* room,

On *Earth*, as *His Vice-Gerent* till *He Come*.

'Tis true,

*Their King*, and *Our's* are *Name-fakes*: for-

*I* have been our *Saviour*, and *Redeemer* too.

*Safety* was, erst, ill-sorted with *Committee*,

And *Liberty*, with *Keepers*, (more's the *Pitty*!)

*You* are *Anointed* too, and so was *Christ*,

And to the *King*, must be annex'd the *Priest*,

And *Prophet* too, for till *You came*, the *Elves*

(*selves*.

Did serve *God* worser then they serv'd them-

He that refus'd the *Hoast*, because it came,

As *Christ* did once, into *Hierusalem*)

Upon an *Ass*, had he seen *What* ours do,

He had *Receiv'd* it and been *Thankfull* too.

(*Joan*

*The Devil's* a *Saint*! Both *Priester-John* and

Handle the *Word*, without a *Mitten* on.

*Works* are *Apocripha'd*, as little worth,

Every *She-Hinter*, would be holding forth,

The Surplice, Table, Rails, are raild upon  
As the Appurtenance of Babylon.

But You Undiffering Sect, and Protestant,  
The Church will cease, from being Militant.  
(tells

Here Lord encrease our Faith! for he that  
(Miracles

Your Worth, and Gests, must needs write  
At fatal Worcester, when Your Arms were  
Weary'd and faint with Execution, (grown  
By Multitudes oppress'd, which still pursue,  
(though utter Ruine could not injure You.)  
Just as the Soul is from the Body flown,  
Unseen, You scape their Inquisition;

(was None  
Like Bird from Snare: But---like You there  
'Twas like Your self: Without Comparison.

(Care  
Wonders are not yet ceas'd: here's Divine  
Kings have their Angels truly-Tutelar.

But! halt! my Muse, unto the Muses King,  
And low, present him, with this Offering.  
(keep down.

Know! and advance Your Friends! Your Foes  
Crown

And may no Arçyle-band come near your

And



And when the *Princes* of the *World* shall dare,  
In an ambitious-strife, to Cull the *Rare*  
Accomplisht *Lady*, of such eminent Worth,

(forth,  
As *Romance* never feign'd, nor *Age* brought  
To serve You as a *Queen* oh! may she prove  
*One*, that shall still achieve Your Princely love!  
Let the continuing pleasures of the Bed  
Be iterations of a *Maidenhead*!

And as in years, so in Affection grow, (her so!  
That when *Shee's Old*, You may not Think  
Peace be forever here! no Disputes rise,

(Eyes.  
But which awes Most, Your Armies, or her  
May from Your Royal Loyns an Issue come,  
To Govern all the Tribes of Christendome!

And let that Race supply this Scepter's sway  
While Stars shall rule the Night, or Sun the  
(Day:

May al Your Sons be like You in th'Extream!  
And ('tis presum'd) None ere shall be like  
Them.

Else we despair when Fate shall lead You  
home,  
Of One, like You, lest Jove himself should come.

Go late to Heaven! (though too soon I fear  
They'l spoile us Here, to be enriched There)  
(Paul hath)

Where (Course being finisht) take (as St.  
A Crown of Glory!-- You have kept the Faith.  
This Day's Commemoration still remain!  
But--- May I never see the Like again.

Anniversary, To the  
Kings Most Excellent Maje-  
sty CHARLES the II. On His  
Birth and-Restoration-Day, May  
29. Having Resolv'd to Marry  
with the Infanta of Portugall, May  
8th. 1661.

*Connubio jungam Stabili, Propriamque dicabo.*

(His Ray!

Let us fall down! and Worship Charles  
A Sun that Summer's all our Year to May!  
Had

Had *Phæbus* ever shone so fair as *This*,  
*Daphne* had scrap'd her *Metamorphosis*.

(*Worth*,

The *Priest* oth' *East*, by th' influence of your  
 Mistaking *Shrines*, shall now *Adore* the *North*.

(*gain*

The *Guiding-Star*, oth' *Man-child* *God*, did

(*Wain*.

Less *Seekers* there, than does our *Charles* His  
*Sol* in *Aspect* with *Luna* ! Loe ! a *Queen*

Coming from far ! tam'd *Beauties* *Magazin* !

(*Earth* !

The *Wealth* oth' *World* ! the *Glory* of the

(*Birth* !

Fair as the *Star* that *Blaz'd* at *Charles* His  
 A *Queen* of *Beauty*, *Love*, and *Innocence* !

(*cence* !

Sweet as the *Smoak* perfum'd with *Frankin-*

A *Feature* made up of such *Harmony*,

As *Nature* had her nicest *Symmetry*

(*Eye*,

Reserv'd till *Now*. Her more than *Glorious*

Shines like a *Diamond* set in *Ebony*. (*Darts*

Whereat, the *God* of *Love*, does *Light* His

(*Hearts*.

When *He* resolves the spoyle of sullen

P +

Her

(lovely Brown,  
Her World-like Head, tress'd with such  
That every single Hayre deserves a Crown.  
Whose All, and Every Part, do so excell,  
Plutarch could ne're have found Her Paralel.

(Queen,  
For sure as Heavens have design'd Her  
(therine

'Twas onely Charles could Match with Ka-  
(ing on  
Thus like the Southern Queen Sbee's draw-  
To Commune with our Wiser Solomon

(small  
Wee'l 'bate the Spice and Camells (Gifts too  
Bringing Her single Self, She gives Us All.

When two such Planets in Conjunction are  
At every Birth, how Great will be the Starr!  
Twice did Our Edward win the Peoples Love

(move!  
By Meen, & Person. -- Oh how Charles would  
'Twixt their two Fates the only difference is  
That gain'd it for a Time, for ever, This.

As erst to Caesar, Nations now agree  
To yield to One that's more August than He.

How



How timely did the *Græcian* fall a sleep !

(Weep.

Had He *now* Liv'd, there were no cause to  
He little thought the *Sea* had ever hid (did.

A *World*, where You should out-do what He

How timely did the *Swedish Charls* retreat!

(Great !

And quit the *Earth* in dread of *Charles* the

'Tis one Excuse for *Atbeists*, that they view

A *Deity*, and think there's *None*, but You.

When *two* such *Planets* in *Conjunction* are,

At *Every Birth*, how *Great* will be the *Star*!

Blest be *this Moneth* for ever ! *Natures Pride* !

Worth all the *Seasons* of the *Year* beside !

A *month* that such a *flower* has brought forth,

(*North* !

As decks the *South*, and perfumes all the

(done,

What *York* and *Lancaster* could ne're have

Till they were well *Contracted* into *One*.

(shown

*This month* scarce owns a *day* that hath not

More *Triumph* in it, then in *Annals* known.

For un-beholden to his *Ushers Shower*,

He (of himself) affords *Another Flower*,

So

So rare, that, amongst *Natures Glories* seen  
*Queen.*  
 'Twill be unquestion'd, which is *King* and  
*(rise*  
 May from this precious *Plant* an *Off-spring*  
 To make all *Christendom* a *Paradise* !  
 That every *Son* may be *AUGUST*, we pray  
 And every *Daughter* *Lady* of the *May* !

— *Tecum Sociales impleat annos*  
*Que nisi Te, nullo Conjuge, Digna fuit :*  
*Ovid.*

On the *Thunder*, Hap-  
 pening after the *Solemnity* of  
 the *Coronation* of *CHARLES*  
 the II. On Saint *GEORGE'S*  
 Day, 1661.

*Exhilarant ipsos gaudia nostra Deos. Mart.*  
*(so !*

**H** *Eavens!* we thank you, hat you *Thundred*  
*As We did here, you Cannonado'd too.*  
*A*

A brave Report ! as if you would out-vie  
Volleys, discharg'd by Charles His Cavalrie.  
(came !

'Twas still in Clouds and Tempests your voice  
(His Name.

For lesse than That could not have spoke  
Thus Mighty Jove, Co partner in our Joy,  
Out-sounded, what we cri'd, Vive le Roy !

A sacred kind of Rival-ship ! for here,  
We gladly Feign, what they are doing there  
'Tis a bold Challenge (but I'll make it good)  
(Flood ?

Whether our Flames were lesser than their  
As if St. George's Bon-fires would have done  
More, than They could, by Inundation.

Avaunt Phylsophy, we plainly prove,  
(his love.

The World must burn, but--'Tis with Charls  
Well ! let us think upon't ! who ere did view  
The Sun in's Glory, but 'twas cloudy too ?

(made  
Great Lights Eclipse the Iess : nor were you  
To shine so clear, as not t' admit a shade.

(Hope ;  
You are Our Light, Our Comfort, and Our  
Every good Subject is, your Heliotrope.

Two

*Two Suns*, at once, within our *Horizon* !  
 Whilst *we* dispute, which was the *fairer one* !  
 A pretty *Emulation* ! Both did strive

(should Give :  
 Who should receive most beams, who most  
 'Til th' upper-Lamp shrunk in his useleſs ray,  
 (Day.

And leſt, the Conquering *Charles*, to rule the  
 (Bright,

'Twas his *Discretion*, for had Both ſhone  
*Heat* had ſurpaſs'd the comfort of the *Light* ;  
 Then did he weep for joy, -- A lovely weather !

(together :  
 It Rain'd as *Heaven* and *Earth* would come  
 (know,

And yet -- theſe *April-tears*, would have us  
 They griev'd above, at *Male Contents* below.

To ſee, that *Heaven*, ſhould deſign a Court  
 (them for't.

For *Us*, like *Theirs*, and ſome -- not Thank



**R I T E S** on the Fa-  
mous and Renowned, Sir  
**C H A R L E S L U C A S,**  
and Sir **C H A R L E S L I S L E :**  
Murther'd at *Colchester*, *Aug. 28.*  
*1648.* Their Funeral Solemniz'd,  
*June 7. 1661.*

**A** Re *Lisle* and *Lucas* Dead, and not Day  
(done?  
Nor a perpetual darkness mask the Sun?  
*Is Nature still alive? No Signes fore-run,*  
*To presage general-Confusion?*  
(the *Sphears*  
Methinks their *Fall* should have unhing'd  
(with *Theirs!*  
And the whole *World* bin made a *Grave*  
(spent?  
*Heavens!* was *Jove* asleep? or's *Thunder*  
To put up this *Uncivil Complement,*  
*Without Revenge?-- Rebels will hardn'd be,*  
(*Thee.*  
(*Great God!*) e're long, to make a *Shot* at  
Ye

(so high,  
 Ye Powers look to't! Attempts ne're swell'd  
 To threat a Surer Gigantomachy:  
 This *only* may prevent their rage, for fear,  
 (There.  
 Lest *Charls* and *George* should lead an *Army*  
 (odds,  
 They'r in *Commission* still, but here's the  
 Gods.  
 Princes imploy'd them *then*, but *now*, the  
 But *Death* was sudden to call either hence,  
 E're he could summon him--His Excellence.  
 (Th'ad done  
 Fate might have spar'd Them longer, till  
 That *Service* throughly they so well begun.  
 (seen  
 England hath dearly mist them, Wee had  
 Charles in his *Throne* e're this, & never been  
 Acquainted, with an *Armye's* Government,  
 Or what is meant, by *Power of Parliament*.  
 Calfe,  
 Black Tom had slept long since, with *Essex*.  
 Lucas his other *Blow* had lay'd him safe.  
 Or *Loyal Lisle* (after his Noble wont)  
 (Done't.  
 Had fought, the other time in's *Shirt*, t'have  
 Religion

*Religion* might have flourish'd, *learning* flown,  
(*W' have None.*

When *Now* We have so *Much* (*God help's*)  
(*so Great,*

But *Heaven* for-stall'd *Them* ; Saw, a *Work*  
*Inferiour Mortals* never could *Compleat*,  
So took't upon *Themselves*, to let us know,  
*The Gods above*, must have a hand *below*,

(*Spheare,*  
As if *Great Charles* could not be plac't in's  
there.

Unlesse the *Finger* of *Heaven* Thron'd *Him*  
Only th' *Eternal-Council* did *Decree*

*These Famous Souldiers*, should oth' party be  
(*Force,*

And when the *Gods* had muster'd all their  
(*the Horse*

*George* should *Command* the *Foot*, and *Charls*  
(*Falls*

But oh ! the *World* must still lament the  
And *Deaths* of these *Renowned Generals*.

*Valours* ! so aw'd by *Circumspection*,

*Joye* might have bin secur'd ith' *Garrison*,

(*swore*  
(As sure as *Gloucester*) *Mars* lock't down &  
Had he bin there himself he could no more ;

For

For having (*past belief*) maintain'd the town,  
 To save *their Lives*, they sacrific'd *th eir own*.  
 Whose *blessed Souls* to th' *skies* ascended are,  
 To raise for th' *King*, *Auxiliaries* There,  
 To *Garrison* a *Heavenly Colchester*,  
 Where *Jove*, made mighty *Lucas* Governour,  
 That *Royal Charles*, and all his *Loyal Peers*,  
 Might *kule* for ever, 'mongst his *Cavaliers*.  
 This only was *Olympick* *Lisle* his Care

(*There.*

To see that *none* oth' *Kebells* should come

*Here lies their Prince's hopes*, the *Rebels rods*,  
*Who living fought like Men*, and *dy'd like Gods*.

A P O E M, to the  
 King's and Queen's most Ex-  
 cellent Majesties at *Hamp-*  
*ton-Court*.

I.  
 I N *Rapture* carry'd up above,  
 I found the *Gods* were *All in Love* :

And



And a *Question* started, — Whether  
*Heaven*, and *Earth* should come Together?  
 So Strongly were the *Dieties*  
 Affected with *Our Paradise*.

2.

But in *CHARLES* and *CATHARINE*,  
 Such *Divinity* was seen,  
 As their *Pattern* make the Odds  
 Little, betwixt *Men*, and *Gods*:  
 So They *Vow'd*, We should have *Here*,  
 A *Heaven*, on *Earth*, as *They* have *There*.

3.

*Juno* need *Jealous* be no more,  
 (Though *Cause* be *Greater* than before)  
 That Her *Brother-Husband Jove*,  
 Should *Descend*, to *Filch* a *Love*,  
 Since, if He chance to quit His *Spbeare*,  
 He would not leave a *God-head* *There*.

4.

For when His *Leivetenants* know,  
 The *Blessings*, that are *Here* below,  
 And have once but understood,  
 That *Woman* can be *Great* and *Good*,  
 They'l *Un-people* soon the *Place*,  
 And plant Their *Heaven* in Her *Face*.

Q

5. The

5.

The half-ashamed God of Day,  
 Saw Her, and did Court Her Ray,  
 Wishing, that Her Glorious Eye,  
 Might excuse Him from the Skye;  
 Only He grudg'd His Sister Moon  
 A Share, ith' Light, of such a Noon.

6.

(Down,

Beautie's Great Queen, would have come  
 In quest, of What surpass'd Her Own,  
 And with Her brought the God of Fight,  
 As Gallant, to maintain Their right:  
 But subscrib'd, to Our Blest Pair,  
 As Queen of Beauty, God of War.

7.

The Dieties of Wisedome (too)  
 Had set their Station up, Below:  
 Mercy, and Justice fled from Earth,  
 Had made amends for Our late Dearth;  
 But wary Jove bespake Them thus, (Us.  
 There's God King CHARLES will out-do

8.

The Power of Love (as Mortals know)  
 Was Commission'd Down Below,  
 To Complement, that Sovereign Choyce,  
 To speak which, Wonder wants a Voyce:

Who

Who, Proud of *stay*, does *Heaven* refuse,  
'Cause *Here*, was such a one, to *Chuse*.

9.

His *Mother*, seeing the pretty *Elfe*,  
Designing thus t' *Advance Himself*,  
Rebuk'd *Him*, not, (as erst) for fear  
Of's *Random-shooting Here and There*;  
But Charg'd *Him* to take up *His Rest*,  
In *CATHARINE's* & *CHARLES* his brest.

10.

Thus hath *Our King* and *Queen* of *Love*,  
Endear'd *Themselves* to *Those Above*,  
Who'd quit *Their Immortality*,  
If to *Come hither*, were, to *Dye*:  
Wherefore to make *Their Loves* all *Even*,  
*They* shall *Dye* late, and *Goe* to *Heaven*.

## In Hampton Court.

*Si quis opes nescit, (sed quis tamen Ille? Bri-*  
*(tannas*  
*Hampton Curta, tuos, Consulat, Ille, Lares.*  
*Contulerit, toto, cum sparsa Palatia, mundo,*  
*Dicet ibi Reges, hic, babitare, Deos.*

Q 2

On

### On Hampton Court.

(who is He?)

W H o knows not *Englands* Wealth (but  
 Let him O *Hampton Court* repair to thee.  
(Abodes,  
 When he hath scan'd, the whole *worlds*, vast  
(the Gods.  
 Hee'l say, that Kings dwell there, but here,

### On Bold-Hall in Lancashire, the Antient Seat of our Family, now too like to become Extinct.

T H at *Hall* from *Bold*, did take it's Name,  
 And *Bold*, his Name again, from *Hall*,  
 Hath told us, long, from whence we Came;  
 But, Lord knows, whither 'tis, we shall—



To Sir *W. L.* Of the  
Parliament at *Oxon*, *Kal. Jan.*

(*Friends,*

**T**Hou man of Worth! as free as *Ayre* to  
Advancing *Publique* not your *Private*

(*Ends.*

Your *Countrys* *Wealth* whose loud desert

(doth call,

To bring for *New-years* gifts, our hearts &

(*All;*

For now the *duller* sence hath understood;

(them good.

Though *God* makes *years* new, yet you make

I therefore to y<sup>r</sup> crowded *Altar* bring,

My little *Self*, and all an *Offering*:

But *All* this *All* is nothing, yet although,

In power I ebb, in will I'll over-flow:

When if so mean a *Present* may suffice,

You have the offerers heart, your sacrifice.

And so you have my *New years* gift: but you

Must give me leave, to give one prayer too.

Live blest ich' lower house, till mighty *Jove*,

Shall make you *Peere* ich' upper house above.

Q 3

Satyr,

Satyr, on the *Adulterate Coyn*  
 Inscribed, *the Common-Wealth, &c.*

(mon-woe  
**T**hat *Common-wealth* which was our Com-  
 (Goe  
 Did Stamp for Currant, *That*, which must not  
 (meet  
 Yet it was well to Pass, till Heaven thought  
 To shew both *This & That* were Counterfeit.  
 (Hell!  
 Our Crosses were their Coyn! Their God our  
 Till Saviour Charles became Emanuel.  
 But now--the Devil take their God! Avaunt  
 Thou molten Image of the Covenant! (Sin  
 Thou lewd Impostor! State's, and Traffique's  
 A Brazen Bulk, fac'd with a Silver Skin!  
 (doubt!  
 Badge of Their Saints-Pretences, without  
 A Wolfe within, and Innocence without!  
 Like to Their Masqu'd Designs! Rebellion  
 Film'd with the Tinsell of Religion!

Mettal

*Metall on Metall, here, we may disclose ;*  
*( Nose.*

*Like Sear-cloth stript from Cromwell's Copper*  
*Thou Bastard Relique of the Trayterous crew!*  
*A mere Invent, to give the Devil's Due!*

*Or (as a Learned Modern Author saith)*  
*In their own Coyn, to pay the Publique Faith!*  
*Heavens! I thank you! that, in mine extrem*  
*I never lov'd their Money more than Them!*

*( was Gain,*  
*Curs'd be those Wights! whose Godlineß*  
*Spyling Gods Image in Their Sovereign!*

*They made our Angels evil! and 'tis known,*  
*(CROWN.*

*Their Croß and Harpe were Scandal to the*  
*(been us'd*

*Had,'mongst the Jews, Their Thirty Pence*  
*(refus'd*

*When Judas truckt for's Lord, 't had been*  
*(do call!*

*Worse than that Coyn which our Boyes, Fibbs*  
*A Scottish Twenty-pence is worth them All!*

*(Mint!*  
*To their eternal shame, be't brought toth'*  
*Cast into Medals: & their Names stamp't in't!*

(Ore,  
 That Charon (when they come for *Wastage*  
 (on shore :  
 May doubt *his Fare*, and make them wait  
 For, if *Repentance* ransom any thence,  
 (Peter-Pence.  
 Know!-- Charles his *Coyne* must pay their

*Prima peregrinos obscena Pecunia mores  
 Intulit. Juv.*

## To the Lady, F. C.

**F**air Beauteous-Eys! why do you longer give  
 My hopes that life, to tell me that I live ;  
 Since if (Dear Fair ! You with a smiling eye,  
 Do throw a Dart, thousands would gladly dye.  
 So wilht a Death, and in the pleasing fire,  
 (Expire.  
 Of those blest flames, give up their Souls t'  
 Eyes,

But when a frown shall cloud those shining  
 Which yet consume their Martyr'd Sacrifice,  
 And chck a lively-hope with dead despair,  
 Making a careful life, a lively Care.

When



When this effect your mystick Beauties prove,  
To make Love Conquer, and yet conquer love.

Eyes! tell me not *I live*, since you bequeath  
At best, a *dying-life*, or *living death*.

Sweet lips forbear! no more a treacherous kiss  
Shall never tempt my credulous heart to wish.  
Those sugred baits, betraying Souls to smart,  
With flattering smiles, to slay a lovers heart.

(would prove,

Though this you thought, too mild a death  
To kill a *Servant*, with a *Dart of Love*.

And found a nearer way to *Antedate*,  
My latter day, with a disdainful Fate;  
Causing those lips which made me far to know,  
You lov'd me once, now to procure my woe.

And to be once depos'd from love, is more  
A death to lovers, then was life before;

Lips say not then *I live*, since that your breath,  
Can speak my doom, or kisses melt to Death.

On the Death of *Mary*  
*Princess Dowager* of  
 A U R A N G E.

*H*Ayle Graceful *Mary*! summon'd up, to be  
 A Member Saint ich' heavenly *Hierarchy*!  
 (with *You*,

For, since your *Virgin Name*-fake's, peer'd  
 Our *Ave-Maryes*, must be doubl'd too.

What Zeal of Glory did your highness move,  
 To rob low-countries, to enrich th' Above?

Or was it in a Complement you fell?

To leave, *Henrietta* 'thou a Paralel?

Was't not enough that *Gloucesters* shining Star  
 Shrank the Pair-Royal to a Royal Pair?

And, as *Embassador*, to fit, your State,

(Strait  
*Prepar'd* the wayes, knowing the Path was

(Spilt  
 But must (*Oh Times!*) more Royal Blood be  
 To make attonement for the subjects Guilt?

Thus

(thrives,  
Thus the Lamb suffers, while the Fox still  
(our lives

Heaven's Kingdome's near. 'tis time t'amend  
Curst be that Bane of Greatness! a Disease,  
That scandals Galen and Hippocrates!  
So loathsome (too) the Soul would hardly own  
The Body, at the Resurrection!

Here let our souls, flow from our eyes in Tears!  
Like those whose hopes, are stifled, by their fears!  
Another Branch, lopt from the Royal Tree?  
And shall the Shrubs, remain secure, & free?  
Oh! if our Earthly gods, like men, must lye,  
(sals dye?

How like the Beasts that perish, shall Vassals  
'Tis, for the Nation sins, a Punishment  
On Princes falls, they'd live, if wee'd Repent.  
All things immortal in this Lady are,  
But meer mortality, and that lyes here;  
Whose goodness needs no gloss to set it off,  
(enough.

Say but--'twas Charles his Daughter, that's  
Oh! may her son, like her, live to Inherit,  
The Mothers Virtue, and the Fathers Spirit!

When

(good  
 When *heaven*, will *blefs*, it's *bleffing*, with that  
 Which cannot be *expres'd*, (*lefs understood*.)  
 The *Ages Joy*, and *Grief*! *Envy*, and *Pride*!  
 You could not *think her Mortal*, 'till *she dy'd*.  
 The *wonder* of her *sex*! *leffe great* than *good*!  
 Honouring her *Name*, *Eno'led* by her *Blood*!

But ———

*Cease to Mourn*!

A *Princess* never *dyes*,  
 But only as the *sun* does *set* to *rise*.  
 In *brief*, be this *inscrib'd* upon her *Tombe*,  
 Here *lyes* the *Miracle* of *Christendome*.

O he ! *Jam satis est*! O he *Libelle*! Mar.

——— *Dirus Exclamat Charon*

*Quò pergis Audax*? ——— Sen.

Expect the second Part.





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